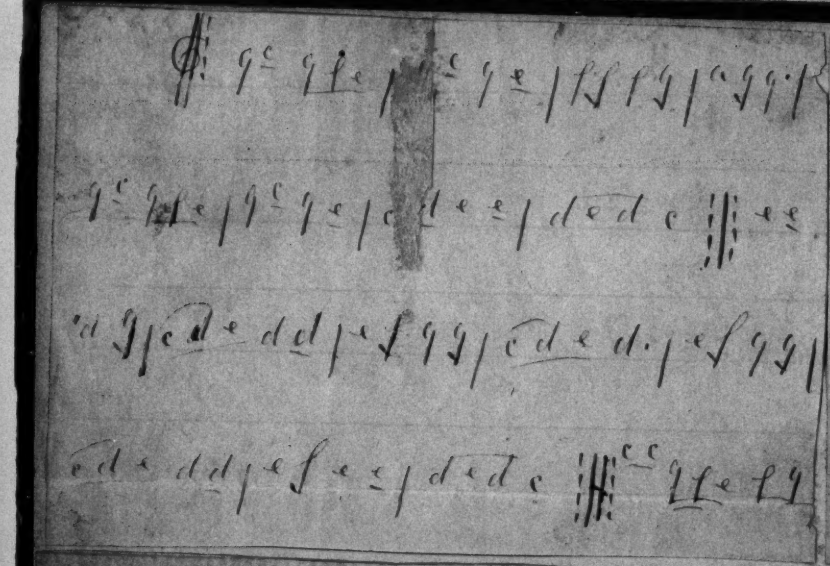
1873 Hymns
91 1 hymn in print
12 2 poems
1 article

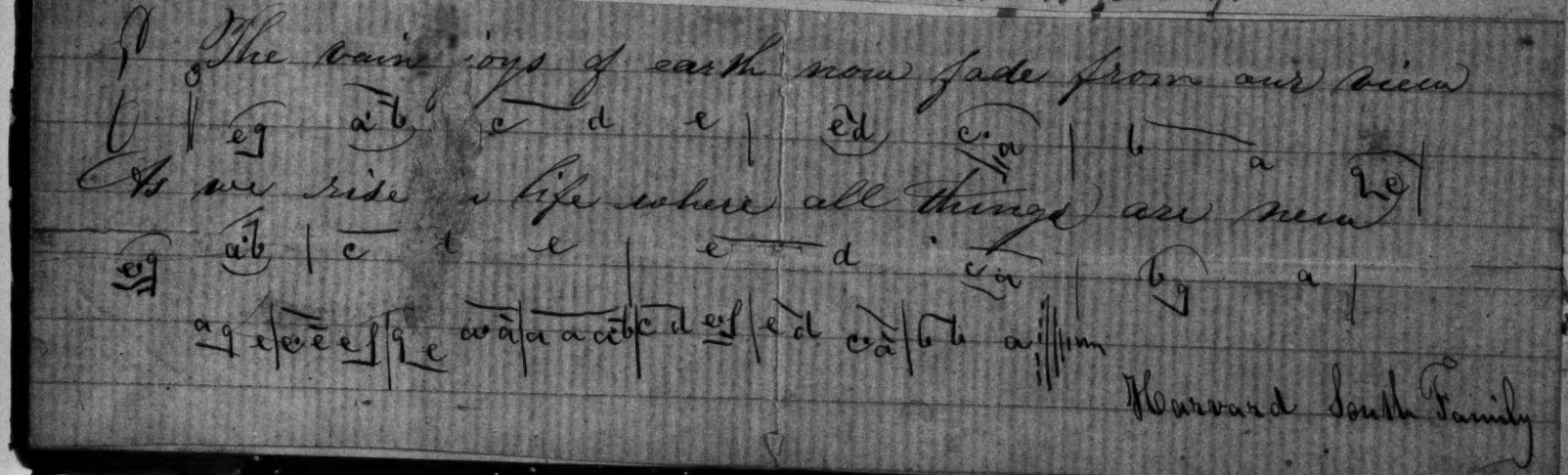
PAPERS
OF
SHAKERS

222

OHIO
Union Village



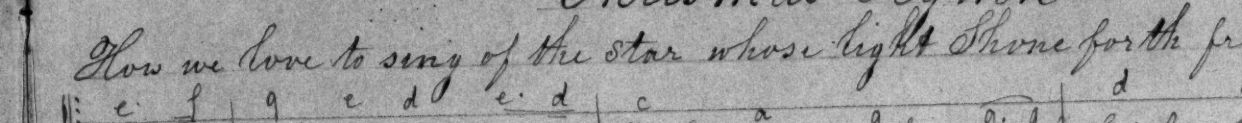
The above is pretty.



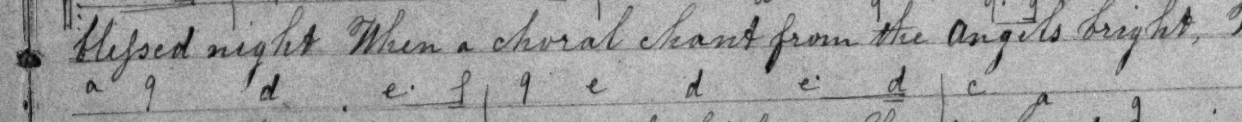
Harvard South Family

Chrismas Hymn

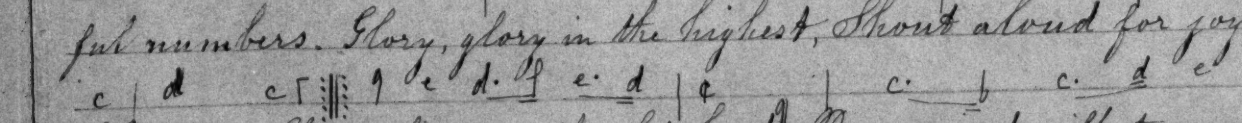
How we love to sing of the star whose light Shone forth from the east on that



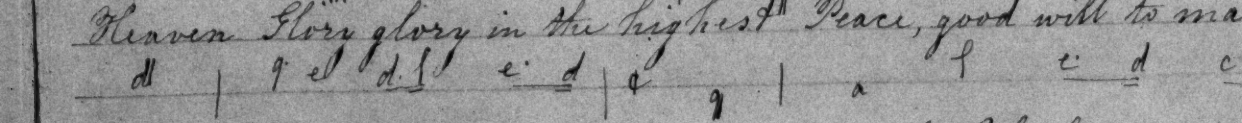
blessed night When a choral chant from the Angels bright, Woke the earth in joy-



ful numbers. Glory, glory in the highest, Shout aloud for joy all ye Saints in



Heaven Glory glory in the highest Peace, good will to man be given.



'Twas the birth of Him who was long foretold The hope of the just in the days of old

That the Angels sung to their harps of gold And proclaimed in joyful numbers

Chorus. Glory

'Twas the Saviors birth & the holy time That spoke to the world in a voice sublime

And it called the nations of every clime To exalt his name & praise Him.

Chorus. Glory

Still we love to sing of the star whose light Shone forth from the east on that blessed

night When a choral chant from the Angels bright Woke the earth in joyful numbers.

Chorus. Glory Come look at this new living order

Christmas Hymn.

Hail, hail the beautiful morn hath dawned The joy of Angels &.

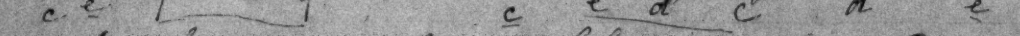
The star of the East with beauty beyond All others has risen again

Awake Desciples of Christ & sing Your robs of gladness put on

And precious gifts & offerings bring Our loved Redeemer to crown

Chorus

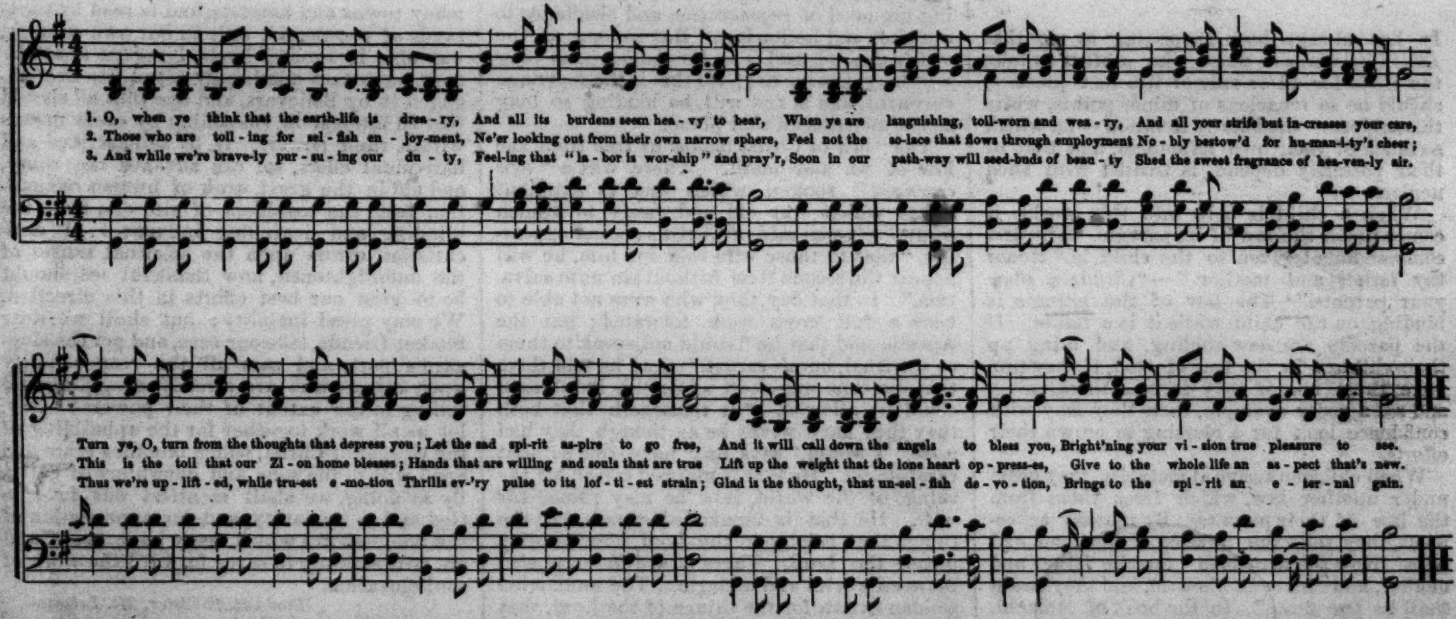
Rejoice rejoice ye Angels above Unite ye children of Earth.



But sweetest & loudest proclaim his love Ye heirs of the second Birth.

Not gold nor myrrh nor frank incense sweet Our Savior asks from our hands
But hearts that with love & tenderness beat To bless & comfort his lambs
To seek & feed my wandering sheep Forgive the erring & lost
Thus prove your love for me & thus reap The precious fruits of the cross. N. W. 167

A CALL TO THE WEARY.


1. O, when ye think that the earth-life is dreary, And all its burdens seem heavy to bear, When ye are languishing, toil-worn and weary, And all your strife but increases your care,
2. Those who are toiling for selfish enjoyment, Ne'er looking out from their own narrow sphere, Feel not the solace that flows through employment No-bly bestow'd for humanity's cheer;
3. And while we're bravely pursuing our duty, Feeling that "labor is worship" and pray'r, Soon in our path-way will seed-buds of beauty Shed the sweet fragrance of heaven-ly air.
Turn ye, O, turn from the thoughts that depress you; Let the sad spirit aspire to go free, And it will call down the angels to bless you, Bright'ning your vision true pleasure to see.
This is the toil that our Zion home blesses; Hands that are willing and souls that are true Lift up the weight that the lone heart oppresses, Give to the whole life an aspect that's new.
Thus we're up-lifted, while truest emotion Thrills ev'ry pulse to its loftiest strain; Glad is the thought, that unselfish devotion, Brings to the spirit an eternal gain.

May 1873

THE FAMILY RELATION.

—o—

It has always been surprising to me that *Bible* Christians — those who profess to take the *Bible* for their rule of life and practice, should be so tenacious of minor points, while this subject — the Family Relation — on which so much of their own happiness, and that of their posterity depend, is treated with such neglect.

When a child is born into this world, it comes under the law of its parents. The first commandment given to the child is, "Honor thy father and mother" — "Children obey your parents." The law of the parents is binding on the child while it is a minor. If the parents are law-abiding, and bring up their children in the fear of God, if they provoke them not, if they forbear threatening, and set a godly example, then they may with confidence look for a blessing to crown their efforts.

When children arrive at maturity, they come under another law, which frees them from the law of their parents. By mutual agreement, they take the relation of husband and wife. Now the man is to "forsake father and mother, and cleave to his wife, and they twain shall be one flesh." In the book of Malachi, the question is asked and answered, "Where-after being excluded from the congregation for a prescribed length of time; thus showing the need of *regeneration* and obedience to a higher and holier law. But so long as the wife's *desire* [lust] *is to her husband*, so long will he rule over her; for this is the marriage covenant, and is and will be binding so long as she remains on that plane.

The "law of Christ makes us free from the law of sin and death." There was a "*new covenant*" spoken, which was to supplant "that which was old and ready to vanish away." It was said of Christ's second appearing, "that to those who look for him, he will appear the second time without sin unto salvation." In that day, they who were not able to bear a full cross were tolerated; but the Apostle said that he "could not speak to them as spiritual, but as carnal." And he told them that the time was short when this indulgence could be allowed. "It remaineth that both they that have wives be as though they had none. I would," says he, "have you without carefulness. He that is married careth for the things of the world, how he may please his wife. He that is unmarried careth for the things that belong to the Lord, how he may please the Lord. There is a difference also between a wife and a virgin. The unmarried woman careth for the things of the Lord, that she may be holy both in body and spirit. But

And, when I reflect that the "*Shaker an*[d] *Shakeress*," on its errand of love, is visiting [many towns and hamlets, and is read by tho[u]sands of people, not only in our own countr[y] but also in foreign lands, I regard it as t[he] most important missionary enterprize ever e[n]gaged in by Believers, and one that *all* shou[ld] feel an interest in sustaining by every mea[ns] within their power. If, by self-sacrifice a[nd] individual effort, we can advance the [cause] and aid in the great work of human re[de]tion from the thraldom of sin, and from blinding and deafening influences of [false] christian errors upon the spiritual senses [of] the unenlightened, how thankful we shou[ld] be to give our best efforts in this directi[on]. We may plead inability; but shall we, d[ear] Shaker friends, take our ease, and act the sl[oth]gard's part, and cast all the responsibil[ity] upon others, who are already struggling [and] toiling to the extent of their powers? N[o], let us all work together for the upbuilding [of] the Gospel of Christ, which breathes peace [and] good will to the sons and daughters of ea[rth]. By so doing, we shall manifest our lov[e] God and to humanity, and an appreciatio[n] the noble efforts which many have made, [and] are still making, to carry forward the worl[d] soul elevation.

Rhoda R. Hollister, Mt. Lebano

Source of Light

I love that God that reigns above and formed my precious soul
I love that holy source of love from whence all blessings roll
I love that source of gospel fire that frees my soul from sin
All heavenly gifts I do admire 'tis what I glory in

I love that holy source of light by which I daily steer
I love the soul that walks upright and strives to persevere
I love the mortifying cross I love the fruit it brings
Yea sure it is of greater worth than all created things

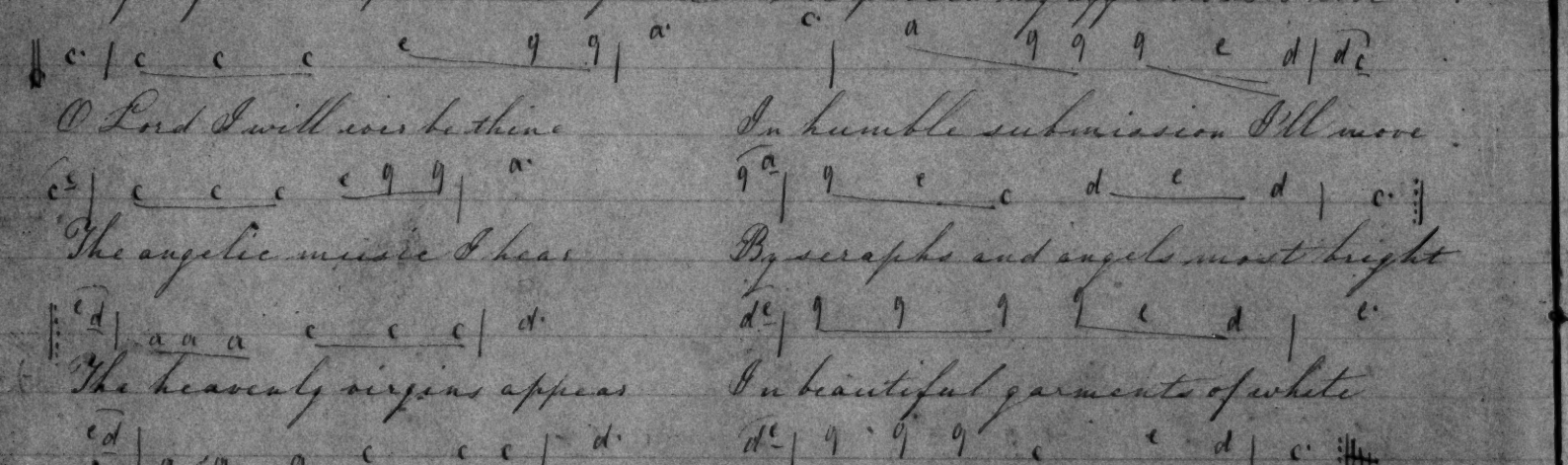
I love the holy order too that daily guides my feet
This heavenly way I will pursue I never can retreat
Tho' heavy trials weigh me down yet truth shall be my stay
And I will gain a lasting crown that never will decay

2 Our time on earth is short at best its length is but a span
And in this world there is no rest for poor benighted man
But soon we'll reach that blest abode where sorrows are no more
And dwell in union with our God on that eternal shore

Frederic Walker 1st Order Waterfoot

N. S.

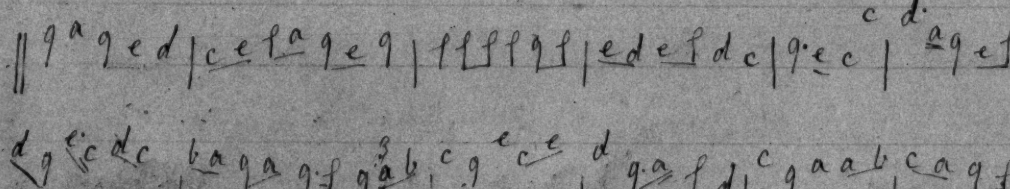
Devotion


For far from the pleasures of time
I've placed my affections & love
O Lord I will ever be thine
In humble submission I'll move
The angelic music I hear
By seraphs and angels most bright
The heavenly virgins appear
In beautiful garments of white

O Wisdom my spirit control — O lead me in thy perfect way
Where streams of sweet union do flow — And comforts that never decay
The blessings of heaven I feel — Distilling like sweet honey dew
It gives me new courage & zeal — The path of the just to pursue

Eternal redemption is found — Tho' scenes of deep suffering & pain
The glory with which we are crowned — Cannot be described by man
Then why should I cleave to this earth — I will leap I will shout & I'll sing
I'll join with the angels in mirth — Whose songs to the heavens do ring

P. Hill



The above is pretty

Received from Water Vliet. O.
169.

O Our heavenly Father 8 — To thee our spirits cry 6

To thee to thee for succor 8 — O Lord our God draw nigh 6

Thou knowest our condition — How needy & how poor 6

Help us in true contrition 7 — Thy mercy to implore 6

That thou mayest hear & answer — According to thy will

Our cries are now ascending — Up to thy holy hill

O help the young & way ward — Teach the weight of truth

The glory of their calling — While in the bloom of youth

O may thy holy angels Protect them night & day
Nor let them feel as strangers Nor wander from thy way
Let not the cruel dragon with With his mysterious flood
Drown all their living substance And blast it in the bud

But may thy gentle showers From the bright worlds above
Refresh this little garden And give it root in love
That these may bud & blossom In works of righteousness
And reap the fruits in season True comfort joy & peace

These are thy tender beddings They need thy constant aid
For those who seek thee early Shall find thee thou hast said
Were confidence before thee While sighs is our age
Thy Zion is thy glory To her thou wilt draw nigh South Union

True Love and Charity

Zion arise for the day is now dawning The sable sad night is now passing away

Awake from your slumbers arise & take warning For now is the great & acceptable day

See the bright chosen who round are mourning They're marching ahead with their banners unfurled

They're harmless they're pure & their virtue is boasting The beauty of heaven the light of the world

Peace has ensured their love is extended They do not have partial attachment at all

They give no offence they will not be offended Tho many are trying to cause their downfall

They know they have anchored upon the foundation That will stand unshaken tho' hell may call

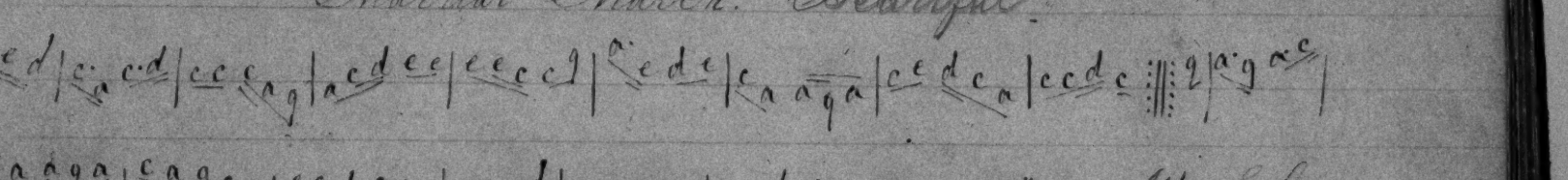
They know that in Christ they have found salvation And for it they freely have given up all

This true love and charity seemeth unbounded They have nothing in them against any one
This misunderstanding if anger wounded They will come down quickly & make up the
They wont say go off mad with you for ever I want to have nothing more with you to do
Dear brethren and sisters this this should it never Be acted or thought of by any of you

Dont put off a soul until it put off by heaven To be tried for mercy never for sin
For if they repent they will get be forgiven And God in his mercy will open the way
Shows nothing you ever should let seperate you Who cometh our Saviour & good Mother
For among these will be found that will be gone Side by side together and hope as one

South Union 1853

Martial March. Beatiful.



Mt. Lebanon 169

Copied from E's book

8 H

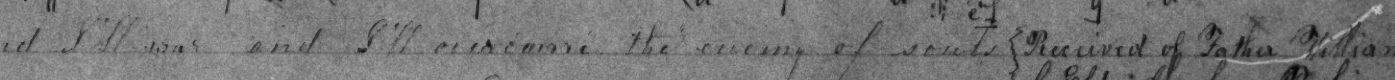
6 c d

I am Glad & Rejoice

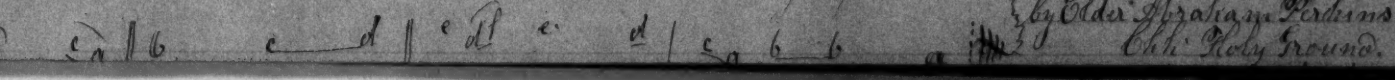
I am glad and rejoice that truth is advancing 12
That salvation is now free for the children of men 12
That the corner stone is laid and a wall built in Zion 13
And Jerusalem's appeared in glory again 12
The Isles from afar shall hail the bright morning 11
And gather with all nations to the standard of our king 14
Where peace joy and mercy shall crown the dominion 12
And happiness and truth shall spread the golden wing 12

Canterbury

Power is in my arm Power is in the gospel And I'll roar



And I'll run and I'll overcome the enemy of souls

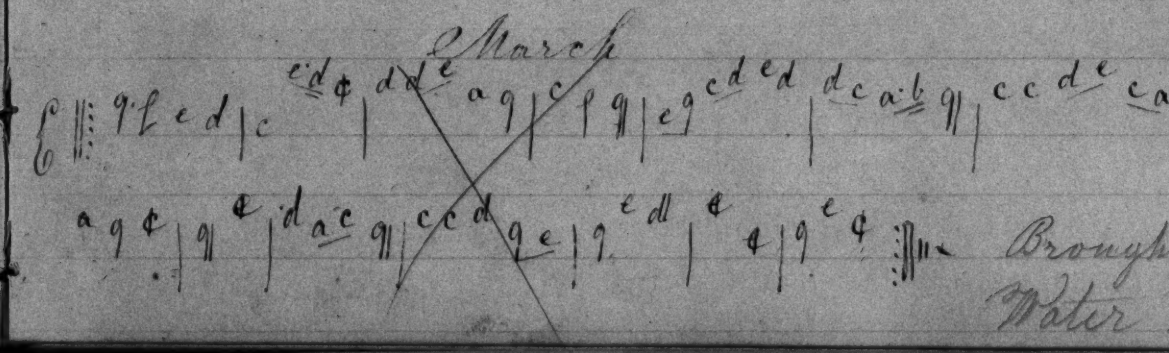


Received of Father William
by Elder Abraham Perkins.
Oh! Holy Ground.

No more an Orphan I roam

I have found a rich prize of its virtues I will sing 15
May the hills and the valleys the sweet echo ring
'Tis a Mother O a Mother no more an orphan I roam
For I've found a true Mother and she's gathered me home
Heroes and Sages may have names of renown
Which long to posterity may be handed down
But they make me such emotion they'll be rolled as a scroll
Where the pure name of Mother findeth rest in the soul

Canterbury



Brought here from
Water Vliet Ohio 69

10 O Our Heavenly Father to thee our spirits cry
To thee to thee for succor O Lord our God draw nigh
Thou knowest our condition how needy and how poor
Help us in true condition thy mercy to implore

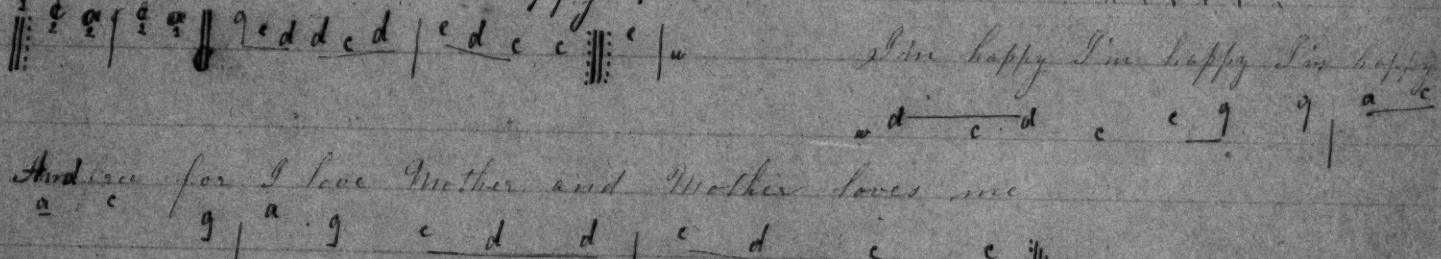
That thou mayst hear and answer according to thy will
Our cries are now ascending up to thy holy hill
O help the young and wayward to feel the weight of truth
The glory of their calling while in the bloom of youth

O may thy Holy Angels protect them night and day
Nor let them feel as strangers nor wander from thy way
Let not the cruel dragon with his mysterious flood
Drown all their living substance and blast it in the bud

But may thy gentle showers from the bright world above
Refresh this little garden and give it root in love
That these may bud and blossom in works of righteousness
And reap the fruits in season true comfort joy and bliss

These are thy tender buddings and need thy constant aid
For those who seek thee early shall find thee thou hast said
We're confidence before thee while single is our eye
Thy zion is thy glory to her thou wilt draw nigh

Happy & Free.



Lyrics by

Regions of Glory

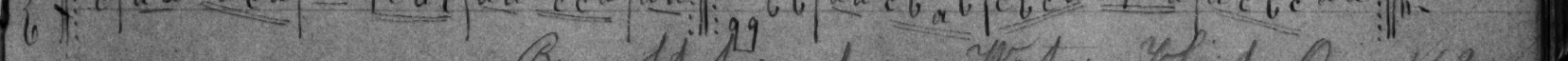
From the regions of glory by angels surrounding 13
Do Mother descends with her mantle of love
To cover her children who follow her precepts
To fit and prepare them for Mansions above
Like dews of the morning in sunbeams displaying
Or vapors that blown by the breezes away
So evil must vanish dispelled by her spirit
From the hearts of her children whose love and obey

As the soft gentle accents of music Angelic
Her voice to her children is sweetly conveyed
Come my beloved and learn of your Mother
The way of salvation so clearly displayed
Be simple and lowly most childlike and holy

Be spotless and pure as the innocent dove
But fly from dissention from spite and contention
And you I will clothe with my mantle of love

When through tribulation your journey is finished
From this vale of sorrow your souls shall remove
To join the pure spirits who move in bright circles
Enfolding themselves in my mantles of love
In the sweet sounding anthems of praise and devotion
Your voices with Angels in rapture shall join
In the heavenly regions of heavenly glory
Your glorified spirits forever to shine Sally Eades South Union

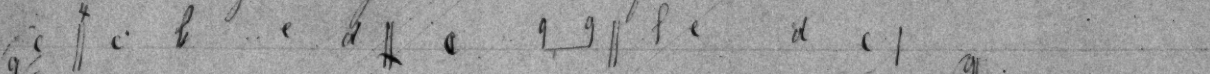
Power.



Brought here from Water Vliet O 169

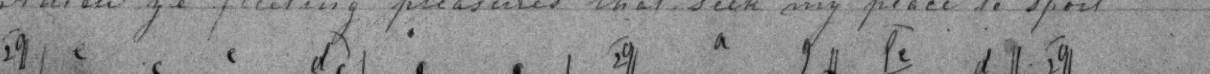
I'm Traveling to my Home

I'm traveling to my home to a fairer sweeter clime 12

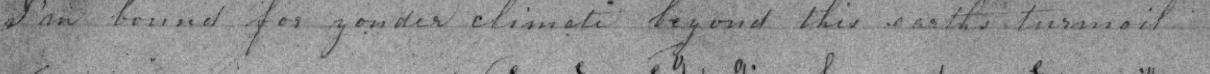


Beyond vain earths enchantments and fleeting things of time

Adieu ye fleeting pleasures that seek my peace to spoil



I'm bound for yonder climate beyond this earths turmoil



Vain joys I would not ask for, they're but a passing dream

Or like a transient bubble, that glitters on the stream

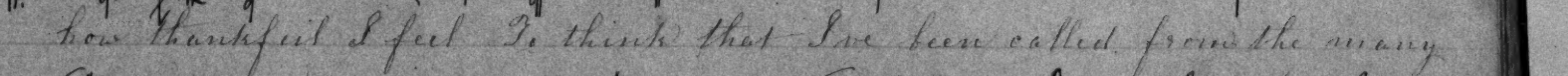
Adieu ye boasted phantoms, ye siren songs farewell

In strains of holier accents, my heart and voice shall swell

New Lebanon.

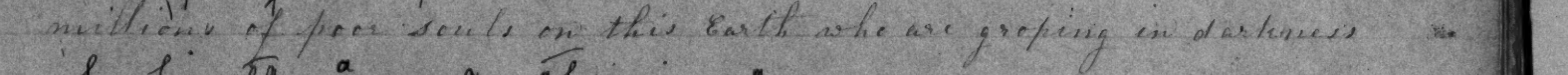
M When I think of my home my clean pretty sweet and happy home

how thankful I feel To think that I've been called from the many



millions of poor souls on this Earth who are groping in darkness

from their God far away and know not of this gospel nor this blessed day



South Union

M

O what peace and true comfort this heavenly way brings 13
I love it I'll keep it above earthly things
O may I be numbered with the happy and free
Who are daily increasing in sweet Liberty

Mt Lebanon

16 Little children love one another keep the golden rule of heaven

The faults of others do forgive As we ourselves would be forgiven

Suffer little children to come unto me Forbid them not the Savior saith

For like unto them we all must be If we would enter the kingdom of heaven

The Glorious Pearl.

Eastern

I have found the glorious pearl, I possess the hidden treasure, Which the wise of this world

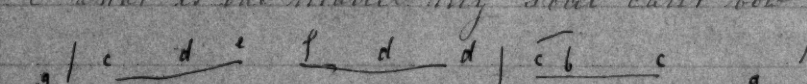
Can never weigh or measure. I am richer than a monarch, I am happier than a king,

The beauties of the gospel, Inspire me thus to sing, Inspire me thus to sing

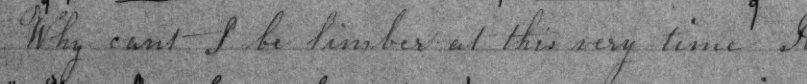
Eastern

True Supplication

O what is the matter my soul cant bow And mortify my haughty pride now

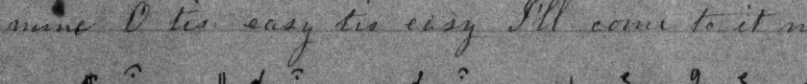


Why cant I be limber at this very time And suple my neck till thy will shall

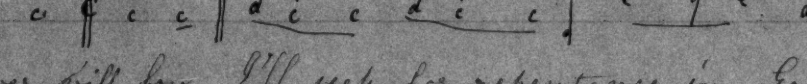


be mine O tis easy tis easy I'll come to it now My proud haughty nature I

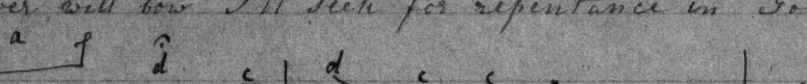
ever will bow I'll seek for repentance in Gods holy time



And always remember thy will shall be mine



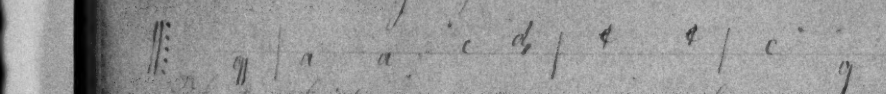
Weer marching on Eastern



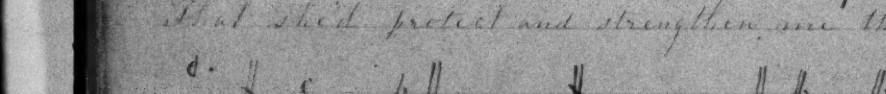
Words Weer marching on Weer marching on Weer bidding the world a

A Prayer

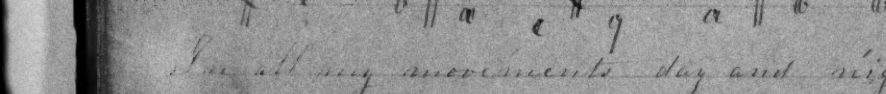
8 I'll bow my spirit down in low humiliation Dear to my Mother I will pray 8



That she'd protect and strengthen me that she would guide my steps aright



In all my movements day and night

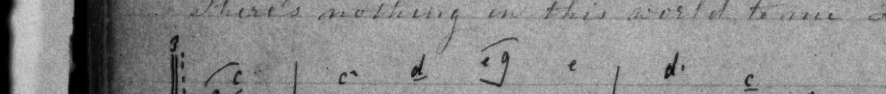


Supposed to be Eastern

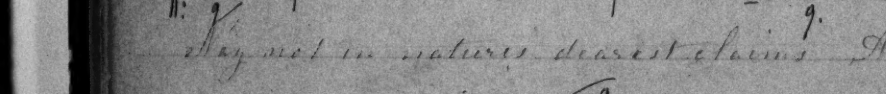
Love is stronger than death.

8

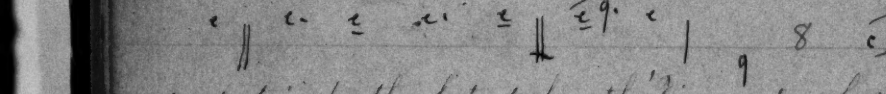
There's nothing in this world to me Like gospel love and care 6



May not in natures dearest claims All things inferior are The love of Brethren tenest Sisters



seems true to the latest breath 'Tis sweeter better far than life 'Tis stronger even than death



Church Canterbury NH 1855

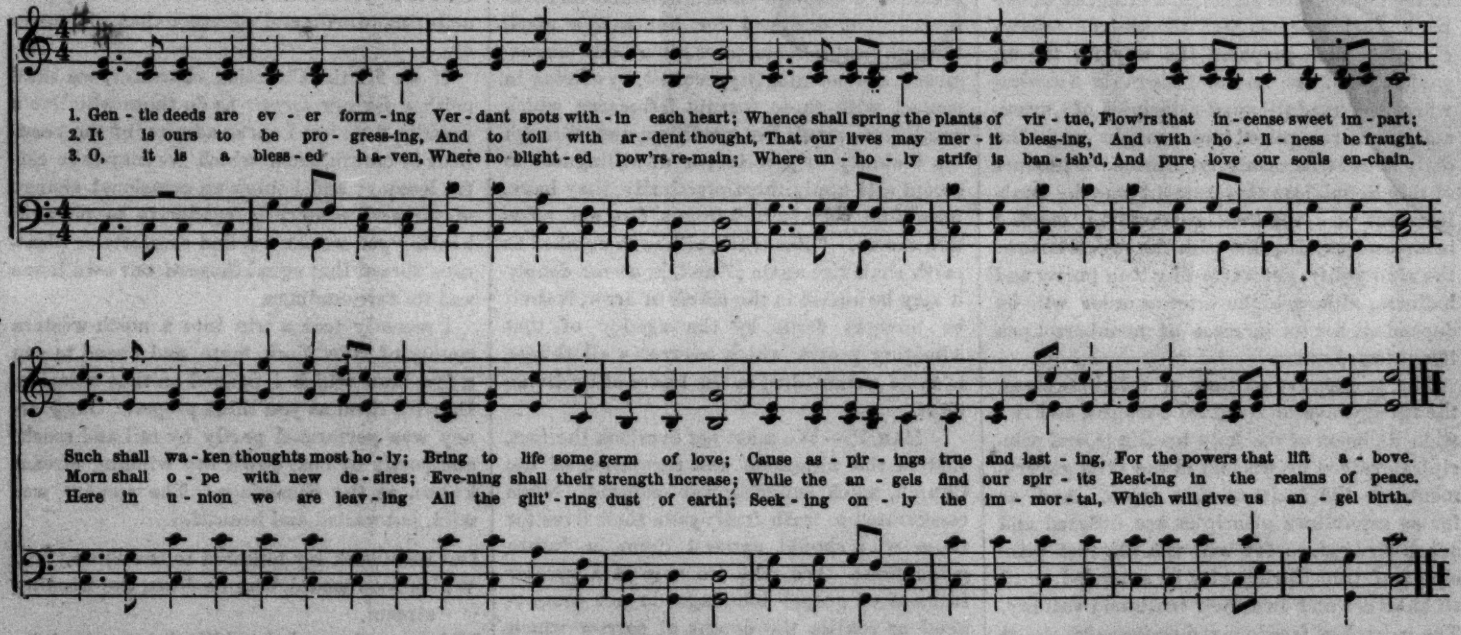
Harriet Shepard.

Commence playing this piece on E.

24 K of C.

SHAKER AND SHAKERESS.

Andante. — Gentle & rather slow. **GENTLE DEEDS.** MT. LEBANON, N. Y.


1. Gen - tle deeds are ev - er form - ing Ver - dant spots with - in each heart; Whence shall spring the plants of vir - tue, Flow'rs that in - cense sweet im - part;
2. It is ours to be pro - gress-ing, And to toil with ar - dent thought, That our lives may mer - it bless-ing, And with ho - li - ness be fraught.
3. O, it is a bless - ed h a- ven, Where no blight - ed pow'rs re-main; Where un - ho - ly strife is ban - ish'd, And pure love our souls en-chain.
Such shall wa - ken thoughts most ho - ly; Bring to life some germ of love; Cause as - pir - ings true and last - ing, For the powers that lift a - bove.
Morn shall o - pe with new de - sires; Eve-ning shall their strength increase; While the an - gels find our spir - its Rest-ing in the realms of peace.
Here in u - nion we are leav - ing All the glit' - ring dust of earth; Seek - ing on - ly the im - mor - tal, Which will give us an - gel birth.

March 1873.

writes: "A land where the people, conscious of their God-given rights, and cringing before no cowled priests, feel themselves 'sovereigns.'" This prepared the way for the organization of the *Shaker Church* (in America) where the unadulterated principles of Christianity were recognized and wrought out in the daily lives of its members. Hence the product of this Republican Government was the establishment of a *spiritual* government, moving in a corresponding line with the regulations of the civil polity, yet exceeding it in purity and holiness, although the interior order will be dependent for its increase of members upon the outward order.

The progressive advance of religious ideas, the rising wave of spiritual thought, and the wide diffusion of the holy teachings, and principles evolved by wisdom in the civil government, are the fruits of this union. And, as far as republican principles are diffused and acknowledged, so far will the abstract principles of true Christianity be extended, until all shall see and own their truth and validity. The growth of freedom and progressive rights which belong to humanity are embodied in perfection." Important and elevating truths, manifested through chosen mediums and witnesses (and designed for humanity's good) through past periods, have often been misconstrued, and seemingly perverted, by coming in contact with those corrupt influences which result from man's lost condition, and, through his inability to perceive, or unwillingness to accept and apply them practically, they have, for a time, been turned from a free and effective course. "But truth, although crushed to earth shall rise again;" and, however deeply it may be buried in the *débris* of error, it shall be brought forth by the agency of that Almighty power, which overrules all things, to shine untarnished in the lustre of its divine light.

MAR. P.— We must not overlook the fact, that in the formation and regulation of the Church, much suffering was endured. Souls consecrated to truth freely gave their lives for those who should succeed them in future generations. We who are now in a greater fullness of gospel blessings do not comprehend or realize the depths of sorrow which often overwhelmed their spirits.

[illegible]

that will not fade, and gather heavenly fruit that is sweet to the taste, then we feel joy of enduring worth, and *pleasure* that will never die.

If we fill the Christian character, we shall neither *joy* nor *sorrow* as do those who live a worldly life; but I am an admirer of the beautiful in nature, from which we may take useful lessons; and I think an occasional change of air and scenery is conducive to physical health; yet we do not find comforts or pleasures abroad that equal those of our own home and its surroundings.

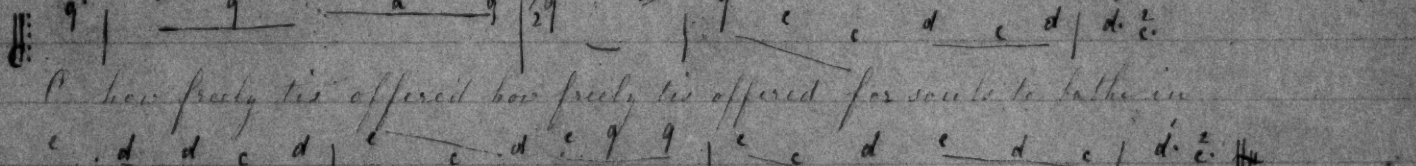
I recently took a trip into a north-western county of New York State, and I send to you a few lines which I penned on that occasion. Do with them as you think proper. Our journey was performed partly by rail and coach, and partly by boat down the winding stream known as the Sacandaga. The scenery was wild, but varied and beautiful.

Our little bark lay tethered to the shore,
Which soon would bear us down the winding
stream,
Mid scenes beyond the skill of man to paint.
Earth's verdant carpet now we tread with care

This world ah tis gloomy tis sadness to me
Removed from its influence I'm thankful to be
I would not this day for a palace or throne
Sell my birthright or exchange my sweet home
I'm thankful my dwelling is on zions ground
With the gay flattering circels my soul is not found
My treasure my relation my comforts are here
Gods people their customs to me are most dear

Pool of Repentance

The pool of repentance is here the pool of repentance is here



O how freely tis offered how freely tis offered for souls to bathe in

Eastern.

Blow ye the trump in grim call forth the young men to arms

and hasten ye maidens to bring forth the banner let it be unfurled

to the nations Now for the battle now for the conquest true hostilities

commenced come forth ye armies your valor let be seen and showge the

strength of your forces Where is the free hearted volunteers thankful in

service to be called to share ready to brave every foe to the cause to sacrafise all

in defence of its laws I I am for liberty no power shall control my progress in

freedom to ransom my soul Mt LeBanon

Mothers Love

I have brought unto you love from holy Mother Ann

And a basket of fruit prepared by her own hand

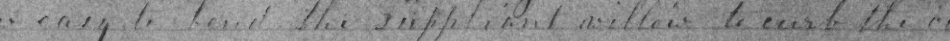
She gave it to me and bade me bear it unto thee

As a token of her love which she has for thee

South Union.

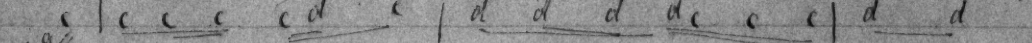
Easy to Bend

How easy to bend the supplicant willow to curb the current of the rippling rill



Yet the sturdy oak and the oceans billow bend not in pleasure nor in peace be still

O why will ye wait for the growth of ages or the tide of nature to come in like a flood

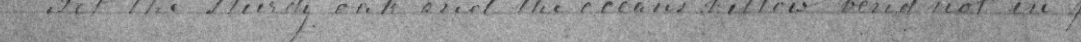


Youth is the season predicted by sages Should be devoted to the service of God

Eastern.

Mothers Love.

She gathered me within the fold of zion and gently watched over me in

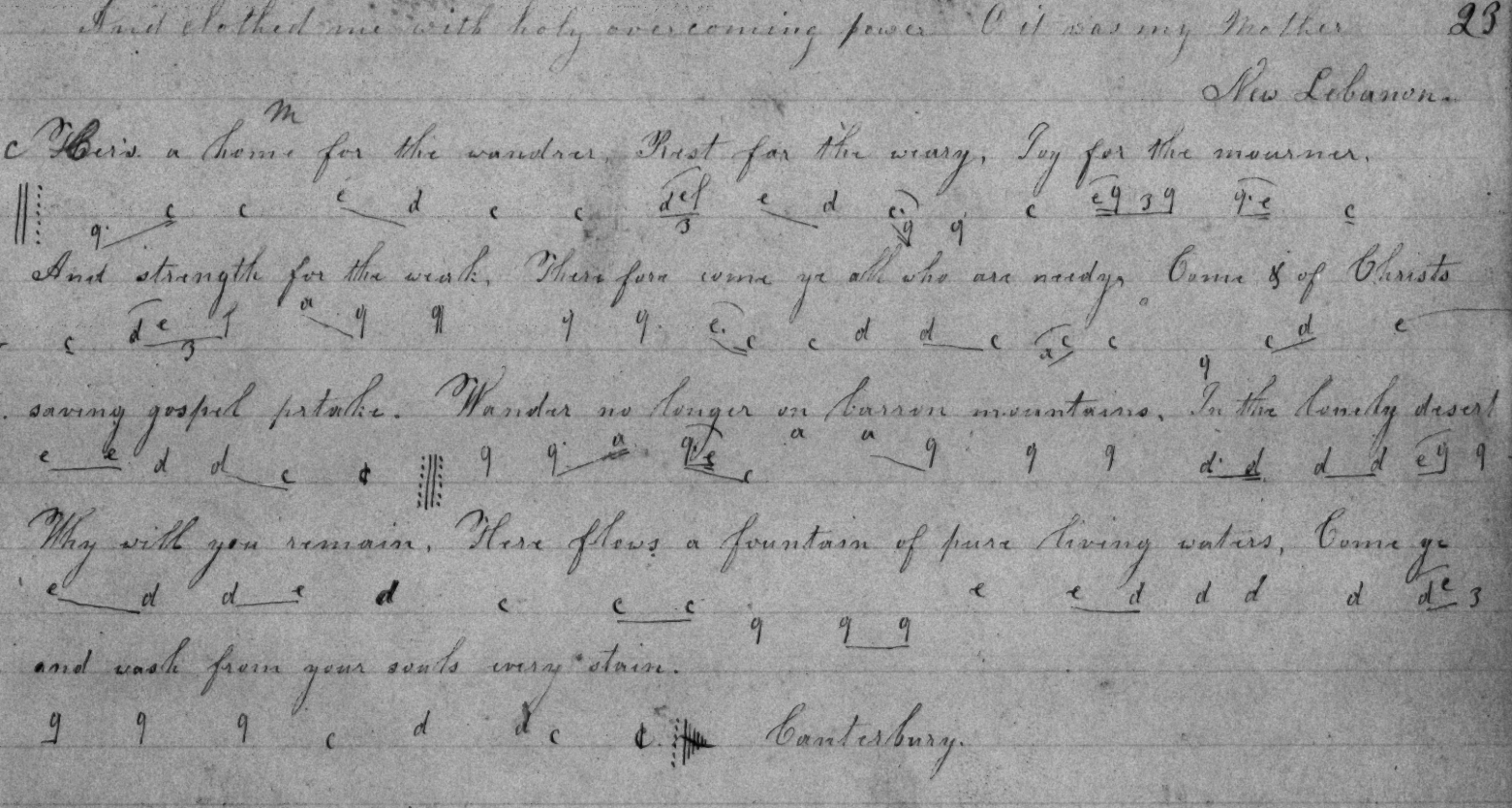


each trying hour! it was my Mother my kind loving Mother and her name I will

praise forever and ever She filled any measure with heavenly joy and comfort

And clothed me with holy overcoming powe. O it was my Mother

New Lebanon.


There's a home for the wanderer Rest for the weary, Joy for the mourner,
And strength for the weak, Therefore come ye all who are needy, Come & of Christs
saving gospel partake. Wander no longer on barren mountains, In the lonely desert
Why will you remain, Here flows a fountain of pure living waters, Come ye
and wash from your souls every stain.
Canterbury.

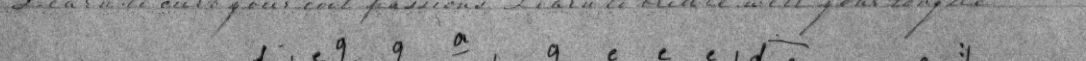
See words on 79th page.

24 Mt L Youthful Admonition

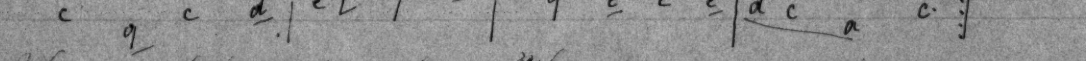
Hear my word ye youth in Zion Learn obedience while youre young

Learn to curb your evil passions Learn to bridle well your tongue

Keep your holy faith unshaken Keep your garments clean & pure



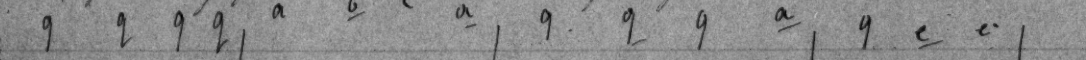
O the riches pure immortal That are yours if you endure



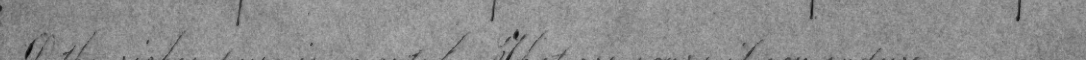
Eastern

Mt L The Righteous are Remembered Sing very distinctly

In love the righteous are remembered While they journey here below



Every toil & care is numbered Grief & sorrow as they flow



Then be comforted my chosen You shall in my love repose

When your work on earth is completed When your labors here shall close

Sent here from Provland

Durable Treasure

Here I am surrounded with gospel relation More precious to me than nature can claim

Here I am securing a durable treasure Is far more value than all earthly gain

O lovely relation with you I rejoice To suffer all things & serve God of choice

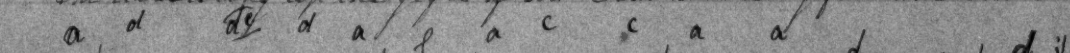
From Florinda Sears (aged 31) To Harriet Shepard. by D N P. 1855

26 To go to W F Encouragement for the Youth

21 No gold or silver looks so fair As youthful minds engaged

In treasuring up the gifts of God And traveling from their love

It is to them I will extend the choicest of my care

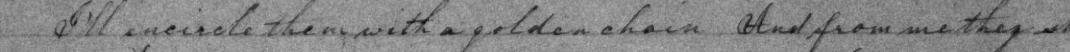


I'll encircle them with a golden chain And from me they shall not fall

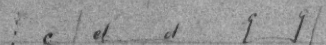
Mt LeBanon Oct 1854.

The waters now begin to move The pool is agitated

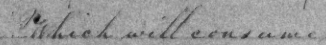
And every one will shortly prove How much they're loved or hated



The precious cross & holy fire Of onward separation



Which will consume each foul desire And usher in salvation



The power to love the truth to learn The slothful soul has got not

This holy work he can't discern But hums & haws & what not

But still this work is swift as light And faithful souls will wait not

Quit face the music stand & fight And fire & vengeance hate not

So let the stupid stubborn soul The wolfish prowler tremble

Who prowls for flesh within the fold Where Mother's sheep assemble

For lo! the fate of such is sealed Of death & sure damnation

And fire from heaven is revealed To work their separation

28

Then Sinner warned stand out no more
Lest your sad fate you may deplore
God will not linger in this day
But if you will stand in his way

Against this holy power
Tho' many a hopeless hope is
Nor wait for you to wander
He'll cut you all asunder

But every follower of the Lord
With crowns of joy he will reward
No soul can tell the splendor bright
When they are fairly thro' the fight

He hails from his bright banner
Yea in a glorious manner
Such will Oh yes in heaven
And to the end have striven

U. V. Feb 28th 1833

Sweet Repose

When the toils of earth are o'er
There is sweet repose
Rest in this assured
For my promises are true

In the mansions of my kingdom
For all my faithful children
Saith the Savior
And I surely will fulfill them

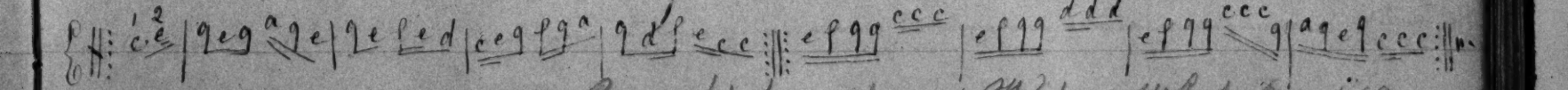
Orpha Degroat
West Family Groveland

O what's the use to parley O what's the use to wait The cross will not grow easy
So long as it we hate So long as we're contented Delinger on the way
So long we'll be prevented From making true headway

And when we're called to hasten And from the foe to flee We stop to think a little
And see propriety Our precious time we're wasting And falling in the rear
The enemy's approaching And we begin to fear

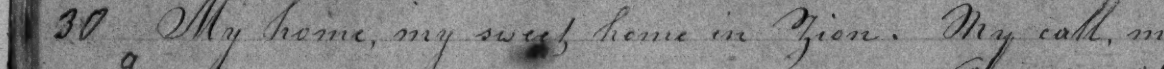
And when the battle rages How cowardly we hide Let others feel the burden
And with the foe decide Can we expect a blessing And portion with the brave
When every scheme we're taking Our carnal lives to save

Quick Song.



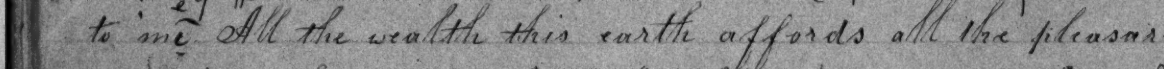
Brought here from Water Vliet O. 169

30 My home, my sweet home in Zion. My call, my holy call how precious



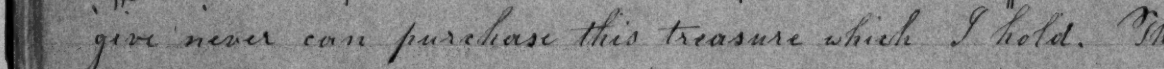
to me All the wealth this earth affords all the pleasures this vain world can

give never can purchase this treasure which I hold. Tho' oft thro' deep waters



& perils I pass. Altho with false brethren my lot may be cast. Faith in God

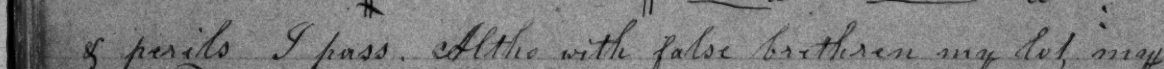
is my anchor & truth is my shield On these I'll rely when all else shall fail.



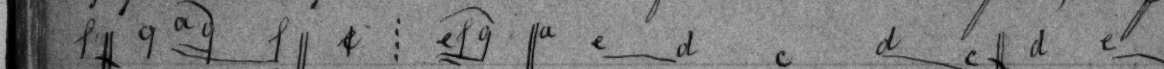
Maine

The Righteous shall Prosper. (Canterbury)

6 The hand that shall aid my cause, The soul that shall seek my praise



The heart that shall keep my laws. Shall prosper saith the Lord



Their basket never shall fail Though earthly riches flee

But life & light & due support Shall they receive from me.

Canterbury

21

O my gospel dear relation I am on my journey home I am bound for

eternal life and heaven To the spirit land I go Leaving all that's

vain below To the righteous there a crown of life is given.

Tho 'my way be rough and hard every evil I'll discard For the Lord

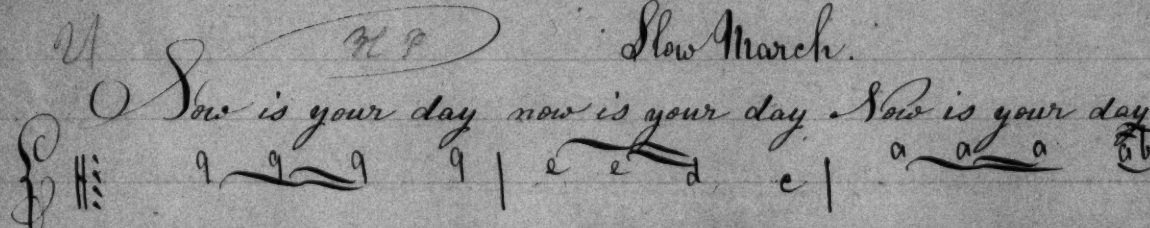
God will certainly protect me I will stem the rolling tide tho the sealers

32 may divide Holy Angels will be there to direct me.

So! my time is swiftly passing and I cannot tarry here
For time that is lost will God require
So all that I can do is to rise and journey thro'
Though I pass thro' a furnace of fire.
O what joyful times there'll be when we've crossed the foaming sea
And shall meet with the redeemed of God's creation
There we'll sing and shout and dance on Canaans lovely banks
And exult in a crown of full salvation.

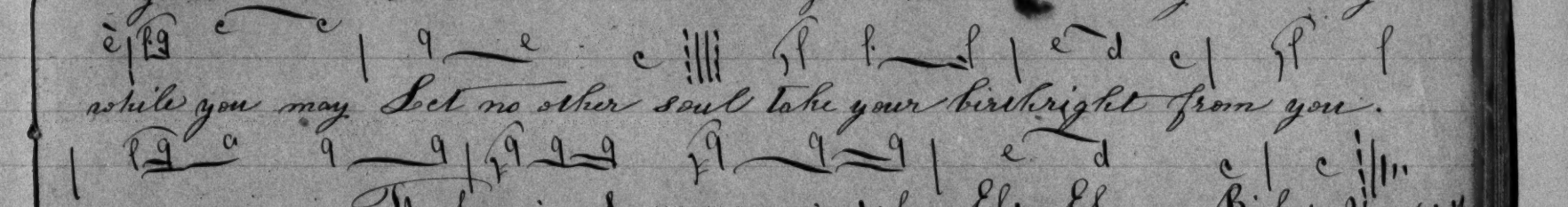
Pleasant Hill.

Slow March.



Now is your day now is your day Now is your day to lay up a treasure

to go too When done with time. Press on make no delay Work ye 33



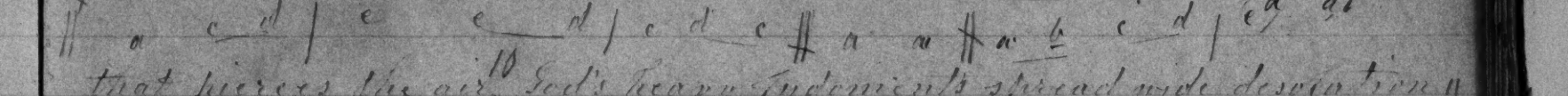
while you may Let no other soul take your birthright from you.

The foregoing Song was received from Elder Ebenezer Bishop. March 14th

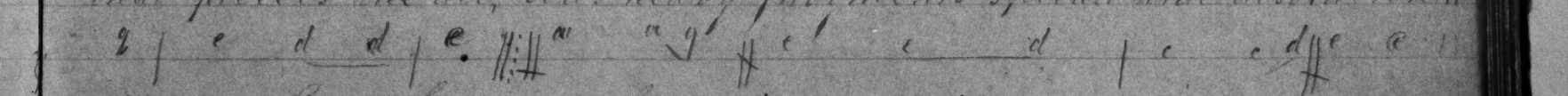
Mt Lebanon 1857.

Dependence on God.

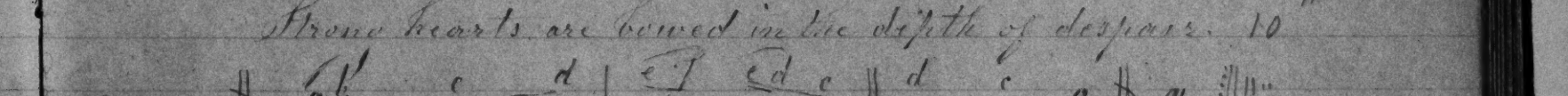
Dark is the cloud that rests over the nation, Wild is the war cry



that pierces the air, God's heavy Judgments spread wide desolation



Strong hearts are bowed in the depth of despair. 10



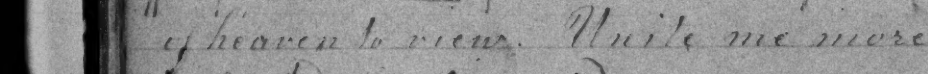
Lord may the bands of the captive be broken

O may this struggle bring true liberty.

Teach man that love is a heaven born token
And that the truth can alone make him free

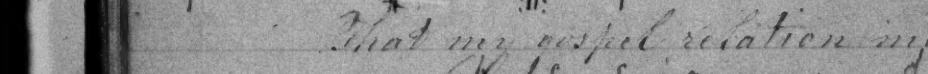
Guide Zions children in this trying hour
Keep us dependent on thy love & care
Down in the valley we find thy true power 162.
Lord in thy mercy Eguard us still there. Mount Lebanon

I know how to love you, Thank God that I do. It enlarges my soul more



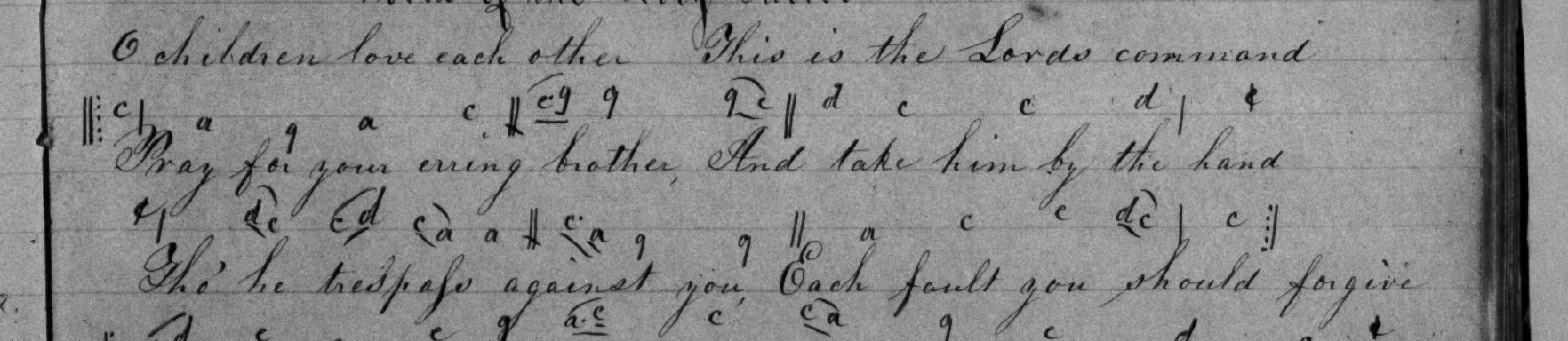
of heaven to view. Unite me more closely to my sacred call,

That my useful relation may be all in all. Canterbury.



Words of the Holy Savior

O children love each other This is the Lords command

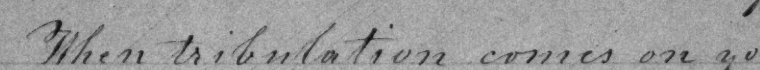


Pray for your erring brother, And take him by the hand
Tho' he trespass against you, Each fault you should forgive
Perchance you may reclaim him And cause his soul to live.
If you are my disciples, Your lives you must lay down
There's none else can inherit A pure immortal crown
All natural relations, Each carnal band and tie
Must be dissolved forever, Or else the soul must die
From Babylon my people, Come out and be ye free
Come take the cross and helmet And boldly follow me

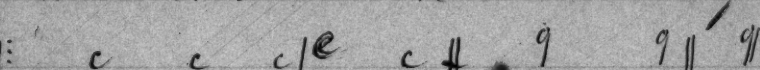
My yoke you will find it easy, My burden also light
If you are only willing To bear and wear them right
Behold my portals open To all who seek the truth
The high the low, all classes, The aged and the youth
May come and share this blessing, Redemption from all sin
The seventh trump is sounding All Nations gather in.

Mother Ann's Sufferings

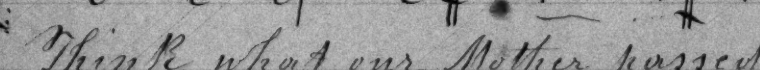
When tribulation comes on you, And sufferings of soul,



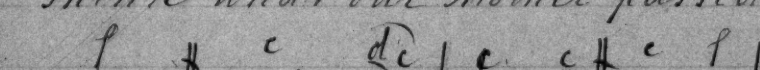
Think what our Mother passed thro' And suffered for us all



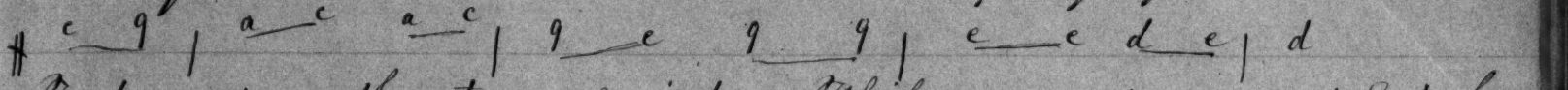
She did not win the prize for us On flowery beds of ease



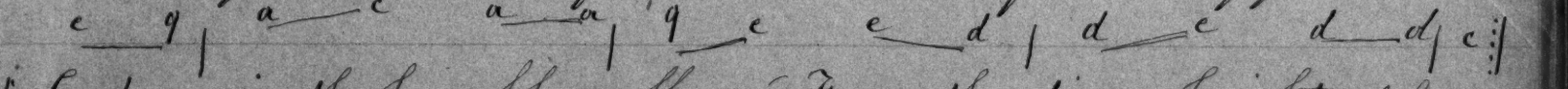
But sought her God, His will to do And him alone to please.



9 O my Mother do be with me while the stripes of life I bear



Feed me from the stores of wisdom While my work my faith declare

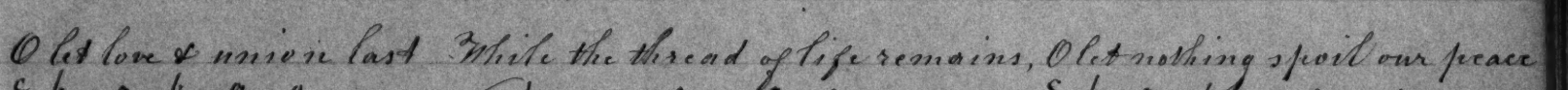


Lead me in the humble valley From the dizzy heights of fame

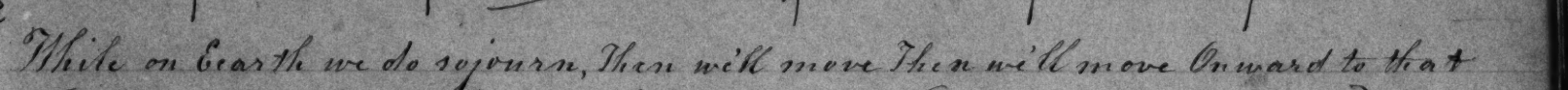
Set thy seal of life upon me Purify without a stain.

The Wave.

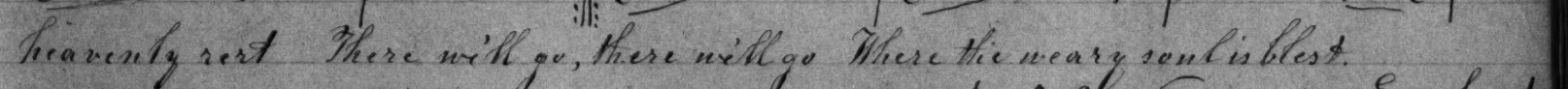
O let love & union last While the thread of life remains, O let nothing spoil our peace



While on Earth we do sojourn, Then will move Then will move Onward to that



heavenly rest There will go, there will go Where the weary soul is blest.



Groveland.

38 H

The Saviors Promise.

I will gather unto me saith the Savior of man The poor & despised of the Earth

They who hunger & thirst From my hand shall be fed And their mourning

I'll turn into mirth. I will call home the wandring, And hush their

sighing To my fold they shall come & mourn no more.

I've set no bounds for sacrifice, My God requires the whole, My heart & voice my

time & strength, My body & my soul. O Lord I give my all to thee, In depth

of humble prayer, Where meekness & humility Are found I will be there

Canterbury.

Progression

10

In the rough rugged paths of progression many weak souls fall by the way

They lack the stern will of the victor the courage for the heat of the day

Having battles to encounter & campaign to go through

O! O! this is a sacrifice Who'll give it who? who? Is the wise? Is the honest

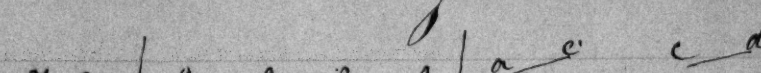
the walled noble soul. Who examined well and counted the expense? Ah the whole

Who have mustered Christian fortitude Put on the uniform

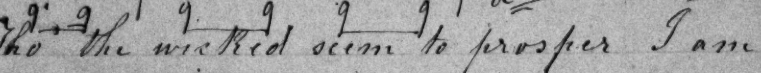
Will & will and avoid I'll give it I will brave the rudest storm

Shirley

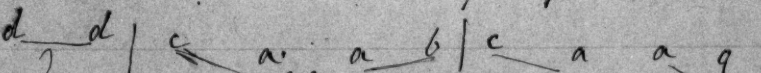
40 Is the battle waxing hotter? Fuller service I present



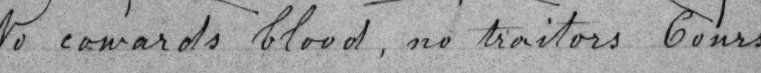
Tho' the wicked seem to prosper I am neither bought nor lent



No cowards blood, no traitors Courseth these veins of mine

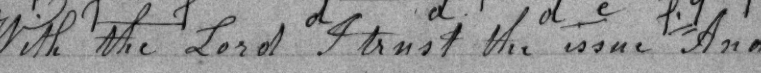


With the Lord I trust the issue And I'm thine, only thine.

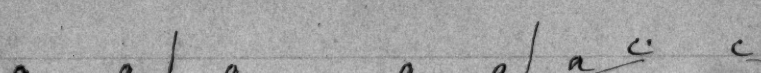


What tho' the flesh may flatter & pretend a loyal part, It's father is a liar

& it is corrupt at heart, The lion & the tiger are foes exceeding fierce But its



vile insinuations are ten times worse! Then to arms to arms ye valiant, Let not



the battle ware Until we've gained the conquest & Satan's hosts are slain.

Canterbury.

Leave Thee! O My Home so Precious.

Leave thee! O my home so precious, Sacred hopes & trusts betray? Leave thee!

Not while I am conscious Every feeling answers nay! Thou hast sheltered me when

feeble Clothed & fed me till I'm strong, Let me do the same for others

Help the glorious cause along.

Canterbury. N. H.

Tho' dark the hours & billows beat And tempting snares beset my feet When trials

numberless I meet I'll keep a spirit lowly, So long as sun & stars give light, & reason

42 sways her scepter bright, So long I will maintain the right, And keep my faith most (holy

Elder A Perkins. Enfield.

Make the best of every blessing, Joy & sorrow as they come, Trust in him whose

care is constant In the sunshine & the storm; Work with cheerful heart & hand

Firm in duty ever stand, Know behind the darkest cloud, Rays of light & love

are found, Thy Father doeth wisely.

Canterbury.

Do'nt tell me I can not prevail Against the foes my faith assail The true &

humble do not fail There in I find my safety, Have not fierce winds 'gainst us

others blown And victory over wrong been known, Examples have been widely

strown And I will not surrender, And I will not surrender.

Canterbury.

Bright spirits have come from there loved home, They 've come on the

wings of the morning, From the abodes of the just to tarry with us, And

clothe us with heavens adorning. O how can we stand afar off, When

the angels of love draw nigh, They will bless the lowly contrite heart

44 And hear the mourners cry

c | e e | c d c | c ‖...

Ye who walk in my lines & my precepts obey Ye are mine ye are mine ye

e g | a a a | a g a | c d e | c d e | g e e | e e

have chosen my pure way I will hold you in my love I will lead you by the hand

d | c a b b | a a g | e e e e | g g g | a a a a | a

To my bright throne above where triumphing you shall stand So rejoice tho you

g a | c d e | e d c | a a g g | a ‖ e e | g g g |

mourn, Ye be glad tho' you weep your afflictions I will turn into consolation sweet

g e e | e e e | e d c | a a a a | a g a | c d e e | e

Tribulation shall weigh & like gold I will refine Hasten on in your march you are mine

d c | a a a | a g a | c c c | d c d | e e e | e d c | a

You are mine.

Quick Song.

g a | c ‖ a b c a a g g | a b c d e e | d e c a a g | a a e d d ‖ e d c d e e | e d c d e d | e d c d e a a | a a e d d ‖

Ky.

c In the valley of humiliation I'll walk & learn to be humble &

low, I'll move on that solid & permanent rock Which tempests can

never ove throw & The soul that is needy & humbly doth cry

True comfort & mercy will find, For here is a fountain that never

is dry Its waters are pure & refined &

Tho' the night be long & dreary Fear not me chosen few, For the morning sun

will fail not to shed its rays on you So comfort ye each other Be cheerful

46 one & all And gather round my standard that none of you may fall

I am your loving Mother I spread my wings ore you, And daily my rich

blessings decend like honey dew, My zion must be Stronged My people must

be pure, To be comforted my children and to the end endure

Beyond this Mortal Vale

Beyond this mortal vale
Where God alone is praized

Here Laid my treasure by
My hope for future days

Bright spirits cheer me on
Toward that happy home

I hear their welcome voices ring March bravely on

Where there's strife and contention Is not the home for me

Let me go let me travel for My soul would be free

O My Gospel Relation

O my gospel relation receive ye my love love love May never ending love & blessing

Which shall flow & flow now & forevermore Soon we shall meet on that immortal shore

And join with the nemberless throng There to shout & sing praises as never more

O what a happy soul cheering song

[illegible] Heavenly Union

C. More love & heavenly [illegible] says we must be gaining

Every thing that hinders union Mother says be sacrifising

O She says dont delay, for my Angels now are calling.

Hungry souls to seek my way Do prepare your hearts cleansing.

O can I not the world forsak With all its gilded pleasures

Agnes Ozanne 71.

While I'm surrounded here with strength An ever flowing measure

If on the power of God I lean With consecrated spirit
I know I can the right maintain And lasting good inherit.

A March.

Talk to me of fainting failing While to God I am allied
By obedience to my calling Christ my Savior & my guide
While the planets have their motion And the sun doth give us light
I am certain of my portion In the way of truth & light. Canterbury.

50 O dearest Savior I will adore Thee Yea thy Holy name shall be blest

Kindly & tenderly thou hast watched over me Thine is the love that I love best

Take me O take me in thy arms of pity Let me on thy mercy rest,

Clothe me & feed me, & O do thou guide me Thine is the love that I love best.

Freely ye have receive, freely give, Exercise compassion to the

weak & distrest, Freely ye have received, freely give, To the house

hold of faith, & you shall be blest. O my Children keep your

faith most holy, Labor for a [redacted] quickening power of God

And give God the glory, Where [redacted] to God & one another I do requi(re)

O I thank God for you my [redacted] & sisters, My soul over flows with the love

I can't express, For you I've [redacted] all Kindred ties the dearest, Thro' you I've

a promise full recompense [redacted], And where you go I'll go, your people

are my people, Your God shall be my God, And your interest my care

Eldress Betsy, Mt Lebanon.

O. T. 1847

Gratitude to God

O Lord thy goodness I will sing In thankfulness & praise, Thou art my
Helper & my King, And hast with holden no good thing, good thing, To crown my peaceful (days
In tribulations deepest scenes, Thou hast protected me, When sadest grief & gloom
have been, Permited to enclose me in, Still thou hast set me free.

Tho' sore temptations oft have borne, My sinking spirit down, And hopeless anguish
night & morn, Have strewed the darkend way forlorn, My wretchedness to crown;
Yet ever blessed, blessed be, Thy holy heavenly cure, For thro' thy love, I now can see,
Thou never hast forsaken me, Nor left me to despair.

For all thy mercies O my God, My heart is filled with love, My faltering feet
with strength are shod, To travel to thy blest abode, Celestial realms above.
With grateful feelings now my heart, In raptures does o'er flow, O could I thus with
words impart, But language fails me in the start, My gratitude to show.

In sweet devotion ever more, O Lord to thee I'll live O feed me from thy
precious store, Until lifes transient scenes are o'er, And I a place receive.
Among the blest who dwell beneath The shadow of thy wing Who while on earth
did walk the path, Of sorrow anguish pain & death, And felt its deathly sting.

My heart, my tongue, my life, my all, I now with offer free, All earthly things
both great & small, I'll cast aside, obey the call, Which thou hast given me.
O let me ever keep thy fear, Before my wakeful eyes, My every breath be earnest
prayer, To wisely shun each fatal snare, That I may win the prize.

U. V. 1847

Our Savior's Warning.

Not alone for those who love you, Are you called to do good, Not for those

who seek your comfort, Giving honor to your word, But bless ye those who curse you

For those who hate you pray, This is the Saviors counsel, The new & living way.

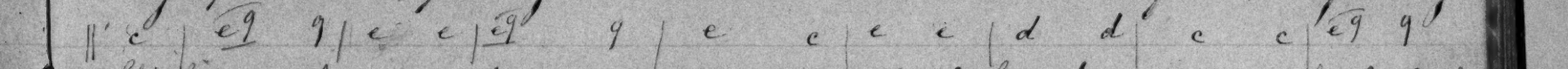
For if ye only give where ninch is given to you, Why is reward expected, Or why

the Kingdom due, But love your enemies, Do good to those who love you not,

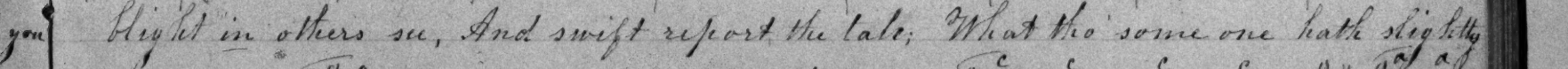
As Children of your Father, Who is perfect, be ye wrought.

By Eldress Dorothy

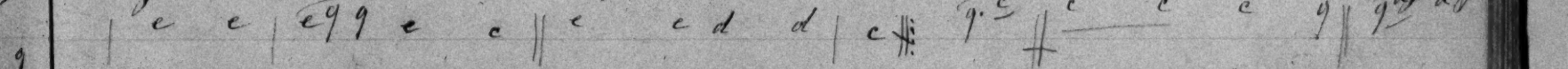
2 Nay speak no ill, for why should we, Who are our selves so frail, So quickly



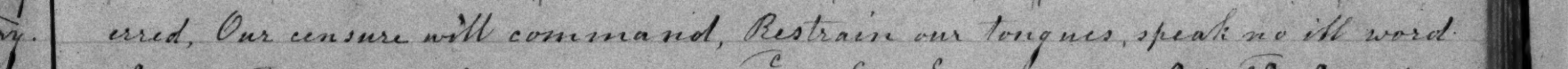
slight in others su, And swift report the tale; What tho' some one hath slightly



erred, Our censure will command, Restrain our tongues, speak no ill word



Till in this place we stand.



Nay speak no ill, persue this plan, Altho' much ill we know, To speak of all the best we can, Nor one ill thought allow: Then ~~sweet~~ sweet comfort we all shall reap, For leaving checked the word, That from our lips did almost leap, When some small fault occurred.

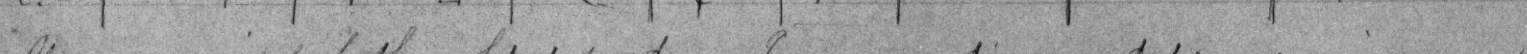
Nay speak no ill our Savior said, That we to others do, As we would, if placed in their stead, Have them unto us true. If strict obey'd were this command, 'Twould

86 make a change divine, And reputations firmly stand, That slanders undermine.

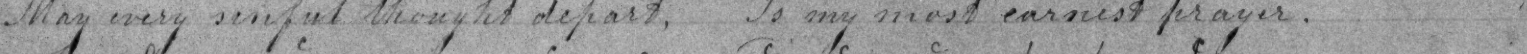
A Prayer.

May love that's pure dwell in my heart, And reign triumphant there,

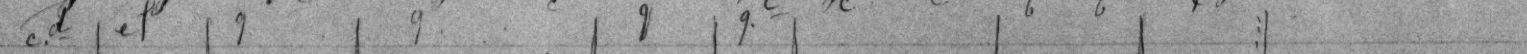
May every sinful thought depart, Is my most earnest prayer.



O Mother lead in vallies low, And guide my foot steps right,



To thee I would most humbly bow, Thy way is my delight.



Prepare me for the finial change, My spirit do refine,
I would not from thee roam or range, But ask to call thee mine,
Pure gospel love will brightly shine, And silence every sigh,
O may this love be ever mine, This is my constant cry.

169 Words by Arabella Shepard, Music by Harriet Shepard.

O the beautiful garments of Mothers pure love, Such as angels do wear
in the bright worlds above, Kind Guardian Angels we do earnestly pray
That we may be clothed with this mantle each day, That we may be clothed
With this mantle each day.

O this beautiful garment how bright it will
shine, It is better than gold may it ever be mine, It will help us to walk in humilities
yoke, And impart to the mind peace that never can fail, And impart to the mind
peace that never can fail. Words by Arabella Shepard.

O there is a further work for all to perform, Step in every one & be healed,
The Saviour appear'd with an out stretched Arm And a glorious work is revealed

No longer be doubting the power that moves you, Strip off earthly glory
g a | g c d e d c | a c c a a g g. g | a a a a c |
then you will understand, The Lord is dispensing a power to prove you
c a | c. c a g | g. c | e e d | c a a a | c c c | e g g |
And all must be ready in heart & in hand.
g | a a g | g. e c | c d c | c ‖ Chh. 1st Order Mt. Lebanon 168

Friendship.

a How sweet is friendship's loving voice, It makes the sorrowing heart rejoice,
In every dark & gloomy hour, It soothes to rest.
I love to feel this healing balm, It brings to me a holy calm, A tranquil quiet
peaceful mind, And I am blest.

Who would with hold this precious gem, This peaceful lovely diadem,
A Heavenly plant of love divine, It shall be mine.
And let it all around us flow, To every one we will bestow, For 'tis a treasure
pure & bright, The hearts delights. Arabella S.

Prospect of Idleness

O what can life in prospect yield The feeble child of pleasure Who seeks
the path of selfish ease, And passeth by the tented field Of unremitting labor
Then who in idle ease repose, Will find the thorn succeeds the rose The seeds
of weakness sowing While those who labor thro' the day Will find more
flowers along the way, And stronger they'll be growing Enfield N. H.

Inspiration.

My soul is touched with the fire of inspiration & love, I feel the Angels near me

60 I hear them singing sweetly, Come up higher, (Come still nearer) Come up

Jecanisamo

higher On the plain of gospel truth O living truth spread far & wide Angelic

Sing softly

truth be thou my guide, My Heavenly guide & protector. Eldress Mary Ann

Gelispie Mc. Alfrie

The following is Eldress Dorothy Dorgin's Song of Canterbury N. H.

sent by Isaac N. Hall to Eldress Ff & Fannie

From a far country I've brought thee Unto a kindred thats near

And with a price I have bought thee To make thee an heir that is true

Now for a ransom so sacred Then wilt all trials endure

The tempest should never appall thee, Nor drouth make thy heart insecure.

Nearer Lord.

Nearer to thy fountain Lord Nearer to thy throne I come

Asking for thy love sweet love And thy strength to bear me on

Give me the strength of Angels hands That I may work & never tire

Give me the food which Angels love And with thy truth my soul inspire.

Eldress Mary Ann Felispie Mc.

O the beautiful gospel of Christ Soul redeeming gospel of Mother

O I love it, I prize it more than Mountains of gold No gems of the mountain

62 can vie with its beauty [illegible]els that sparkle in fashions gaiest hall,

Can compare with this gospel, This Soul Saving gospel – this Heavenly call.

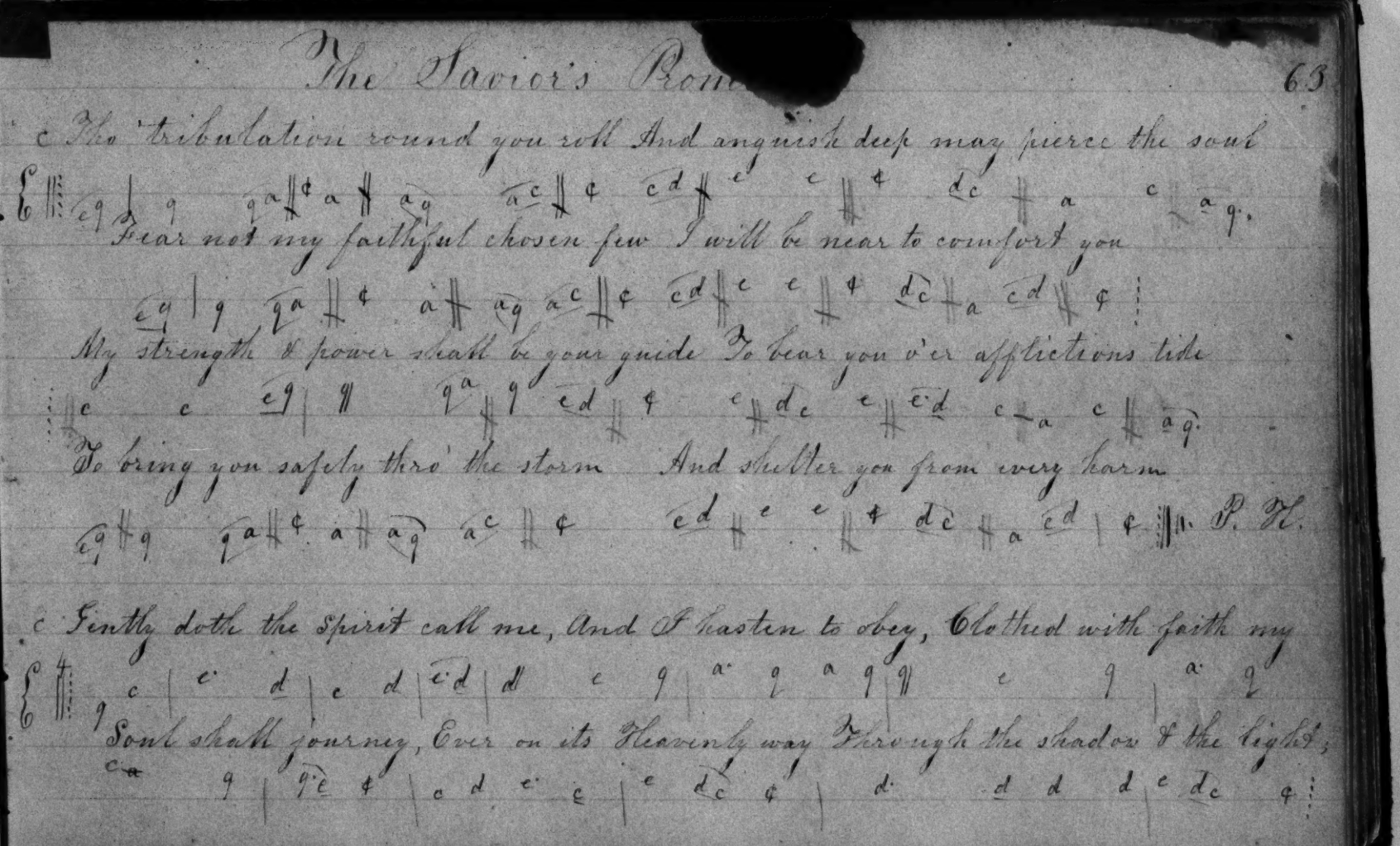
Lift me up good Angels, O lift my spirit up From gross material thing

Carry me away carry me away To Angelic Spheres From the turmoils of life

O carry me away To the bright happy clime Where love bears the sway

O carry me away where love sweet love bears the sway Mt. Lebanon,

N. H.


Tho' tribulation round you roll And anguish deep may pierce the soul
Fear not my faithful chosen few I will be near to comfort you
My strength & power shall be your guide To bear you o'er afflictions tide
To bring you safely thro' the storm And shelter you from every harm
P. H.
Gently doth the Spirit call me, And I hasten to obey, Clothed with faith my
Soul shall journey, Ever on its Heavenly way Through the shadow & the light;

64 Tho' unnumbered phantoms try me, On His power I will rely, Tho' the hosts of

Earth defy me Are not Angels ever nigh And their love my path shall light.

Anna White M. L. 167

More consecration O God may we feel A deeper devotion in thy worship

O send thy Spirit of power & zeal To quicken each one in thy worship

We know there are Ministers sent from on high Who are fill'd with deep fervent emotions

O help in thy wisdom our Souls to draw nigh Unto such in our spiritual devotion.

Quick Tune.

Italian by Eliza Sutton Ins.

not Learned but copied

Lift the loud rind the veil That darkens gospel light

Let the searching work prevail That we may dwell in light

O there is joy in the light There is beauty in the way

When we see Gods work aright It is one Eternal day. Second Tune

Mt Lebanon.

Sweet Rest

There's a home of sweet rest and Won bound to go There where the wicked cease invade

Where flowers of heaven are blooming and fair And rivers of life roles clear Let me

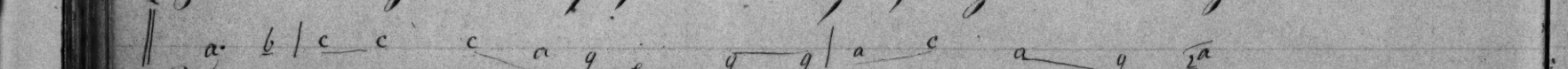
be one of this volunteer band Who are marching to Canaan's bright shore

66 Where justified souls in harmony stand And troubled wakes rise no more

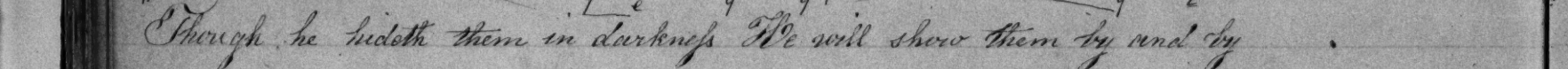
Harriet F. Chamberlain
P.H.Fy.

A Prophetic Hymn

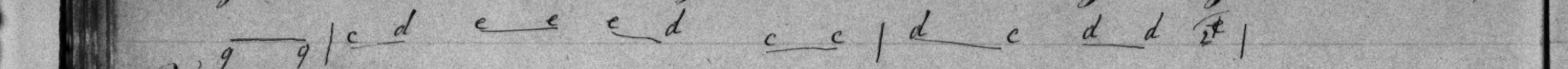
God is dealing with his people For a purpose great and high



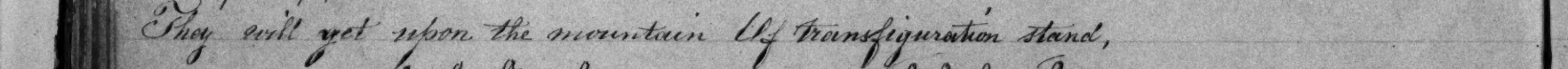
Though he hideth them in darkness We will show them by and by



They will yet upon the mountain Of transfiguration stand,



And the eyes of all be opened To behold the spotless band



Faint not, O ye chosen people Toiling up the steep ascent,

Though you bend beneath your burden, Thitherward your Savior went.

Though the steps of some may falter As they climb the rugged steep,
Yet God's purpose does not alter, Or his watchful eye e'er sleep.

He will bring you to the summit There to consumate his plan,
It is there the Lord will meet you, And through you commune with man
There He'll plant a royal standard Which all people will revere,
There he'll place you as an Ensign To the nations far and near.

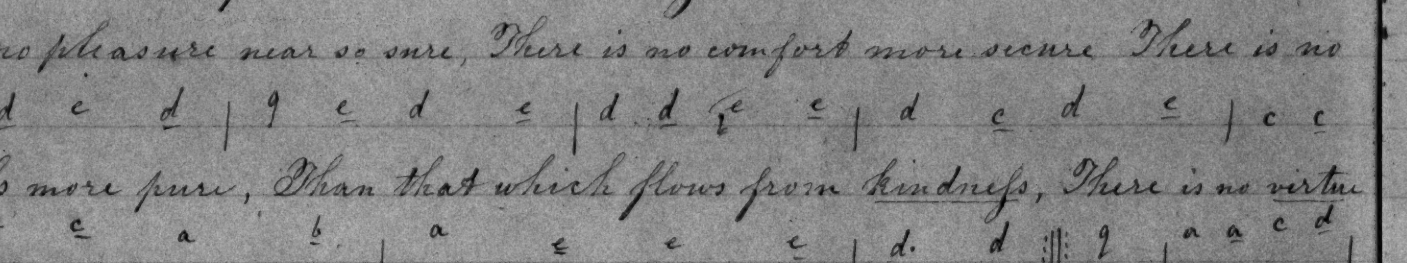
So toil on & ds not weary, See the goal is just in sight
Does the night seem long & dreary? Soon will break the morning light.
Soon twill gild the whole horizon Lighting Earth from pole to pole,
When the sun of truth has risen, Darkness will have no control

Does the rugged way grow steeper, As you higher up ascend?

Never turn your vision downward, When your footsteps upward tend.
Dizzy heights are not attained, With your eyes fixed on the ground
Upward gaze, as heaven ~~very~~ high, Will the priceless pearl be found.

Lizzie Pearsons Harvard Ohio

Impartial Kindness.


There is no pleasure near so sure, There is no comfort more secure There is no
happiness more pure, Than that which flows from kindness, There is no virtue
shines more clear, There is no modest love more dear, & nothing can the soul more
cheer Than Universal Kindness.
There is no gem in human art, No blessing such a
prize impart, None warms the love in human hearts, Like condescending kindness
Then let us walk this pretty way, And practice what we preach each day,
And let whatever come that may We'll live & grow in Kindness. W. V. P. P.

Heaven
Love is a blossom from Celestial Bowers, Union a branch from Eden's fair tree. 69

Both shall profusely yet scatter their flowers, O'er the Zion of God & His people in

Peace. O be not dismayed! Love is still flowing, & Union still dwells in Zion's

domain Clearer & brighter their luster is glowing, & Zion will prosper while Union reigns.

Splendid Indeed.

Union Village

O.C.H. U.V. 69

G. Ch.

70c I will press for the kingdom of heaven, Where the laws of love are just

Though Satan is mighty, yet the Lord is Almighty, & in Him I place my

trust I will go where the billows of time are not beating, Where the storms

of life are o'er, Where the love of the Father is the theme of the soul

I am bound for that heavenly shore

Eastern

Jordans River.

O Jordan blest Jordan, Thy waters so pure, Will cleans to the utmost,

All who will endure Thy washings & holy & will enter in By honest confession

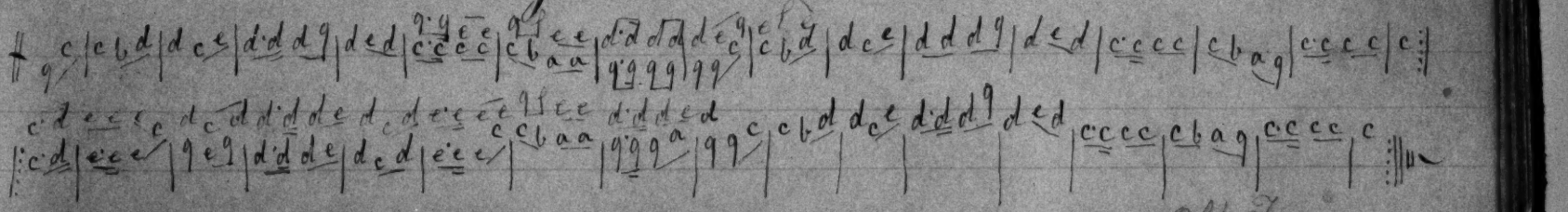
confession of sin

Thy waters so healing more sacred must be, Than Pharpar Abana or streams flowing free, In heather Demacns where is unknown Where self is the Idol they worship & own.

But our God is mighty a consuming fire, Destroying the stubble of carnal desire, Our Priesthood is holy & touched with our grief Drink deep of our sorrow & bring us relief.

Then let us go surely, the race that we run, We read by the swift it is not always won, Of victory, eternal, we cannot be sure, Tho' mighty in battle except we endure. Ky.

Heavenly March.



Old Tune.

72 O who can feel they have a right, In Mothers' pretty kingdom

Unless it is their souls delight, To learn their laws & keep them

For every one can see & feel the honest souls devotion They manifes a living

zeal They're in every motion Temptation lies beyond the line

The boundary line of Order, But sure protection we can find, By keep

-ing gospel Order We'll impress upon these sacred walls Order

And when & where our duty calls, We will keep good Order

Slow Marches.

As ye see the verdent forest, Moved by the gentle breeze, Let my people

all be bending, Breathing forth their Mothers praise.

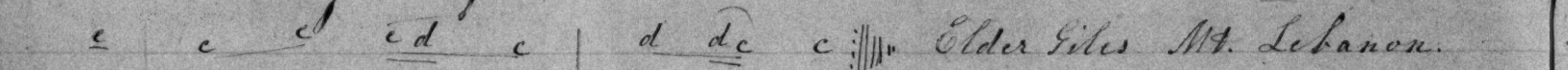
Helping Hand.

Kindly lend a helping hand, While thro' this desert land I pass; Strengthen

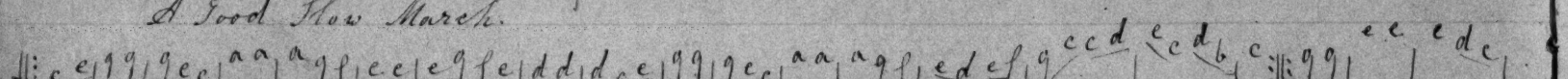
me for blissful Eden I am bound to reach at last. Tis a way a way a little way

over, The trials which await us here, When the world can never more molest

us Haste my soul you'll soon be there.

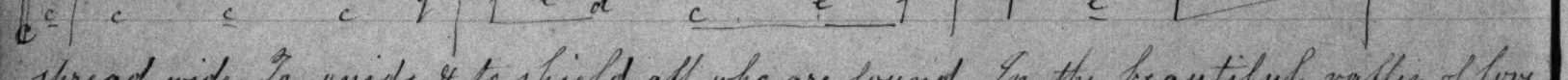


A Good Slow March.

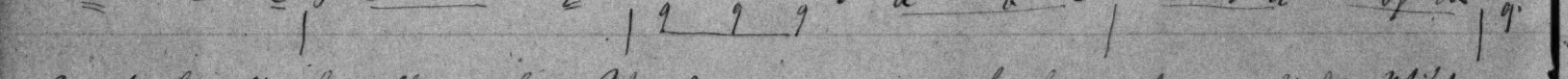


Slow Song.

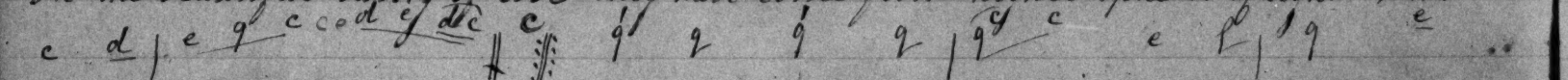
a. I feel bright Angels hovering round With their wings of peace & protection



spread wide To guide & to shield all who are found In the beautiful valley of love

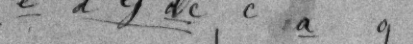


In the beautiful valley of love They have come from higher spheres of light With



tidings of joy for every one who stand for the cause of truth & right & dwell in

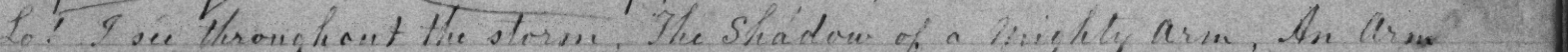
the valley of love & dwelt in the valley of love



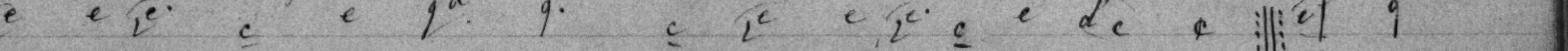
Slow Song.

Where the snroing waves are rolling Where the boisterous winds are blowing

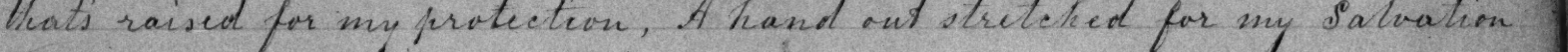
Lo! I see throughout the storm, The Shadow of a Mighty Arm, An Arm



that's raised for my protection, A hand out stretched for my Salvation

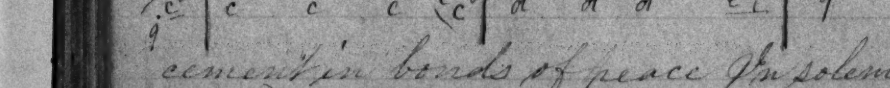


A Fathers & a Mother's Care Is ruling o'er the billows there.

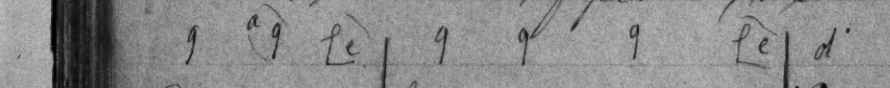


Enduring Wealth.

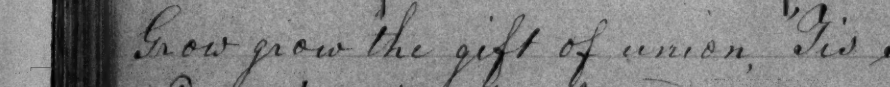
A gift to love a gift to bless, I feel for my children dear Your hearts



cement in bonds of peace In solemn Godly fear In solemn Godly fear



Grow grow the gift of union, 'Tis strength to every soul



'Tis food and clothing O! 'tis better better wealth than gold.

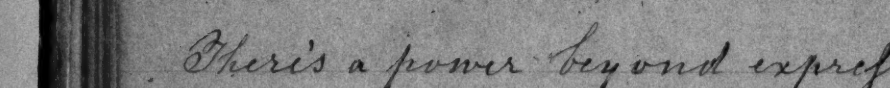
Eastern

Speak your words distinctly, short & round

Kind Words.

There's a power beyond expression in the cheerful voice of love

The erring by kindness we often reclaim, Gentle words whisper



hope to the spirit that grieves, And bids the wayward traveler

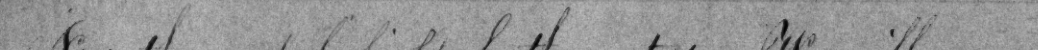
take courage again Let mine be a heart to administer peace,

For no higher object than this would I live To make others happy

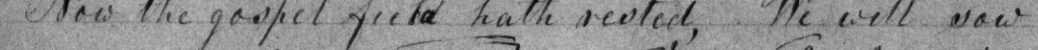
shall be my delight, And that which I give I shall surely receive

Waterolict N. Y.

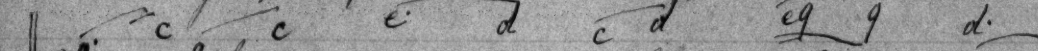
Now the gospel field hath rested, We will sow the seed again



Toil with zeal and never slacken, Till we view the golden grain

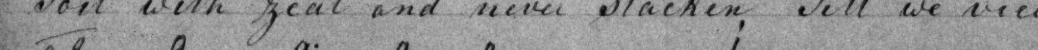


Till we view the ~~the~~ golden grain, May the Suns bright rays shine o'er it



And the gentle showers descend, May the God of Heaven protect it

And his guardian Angels send, And his guardian Angels send

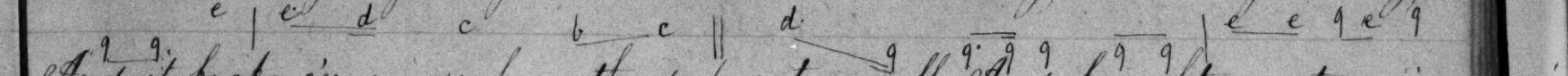


A New Song

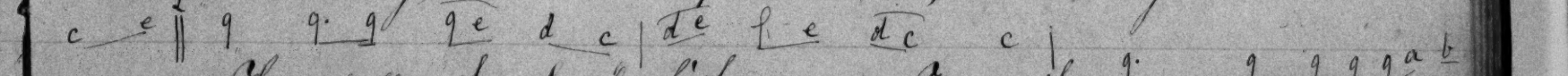
2nd Family Mt. Lebanon. 169

I heard a voice as the voice of many waters, The harpers harping with their harps

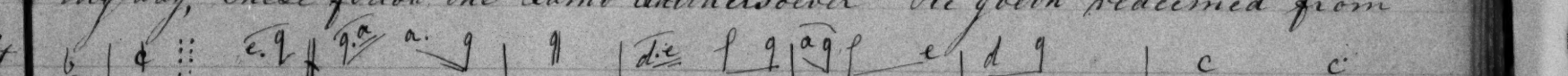
and a new song they sang, And the theme was Purity, It was virgin Purity 79



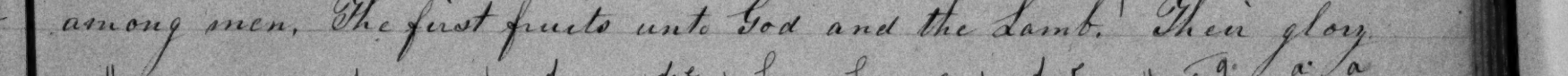
And it broke o'er my soul as the deep waters roll, And brought me to consider



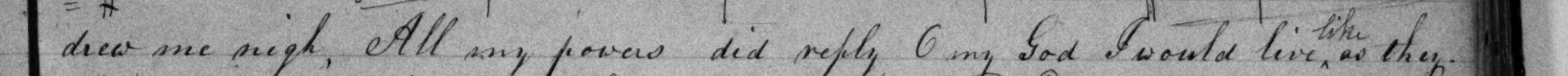
my day, These follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth redeemed from



among men, The first fruits unto God and the Lamb. Their glory



drew me nigh, All my powers did reply O my God I would live like as they.



I have heard the call in mercy Which bidith me arise

Come forth in life & power Make the Sacrifice No longer on

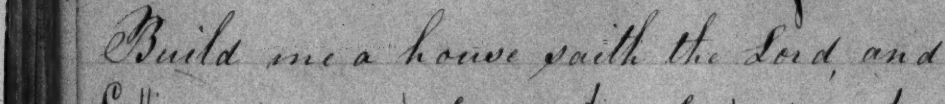
barren plains Or lofty heights I roam For convicting Angels

Have gathered me home. See the notes on page 23

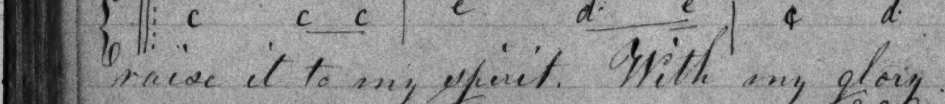
Mt. Lebanon 1st Order. 168.

Holiness

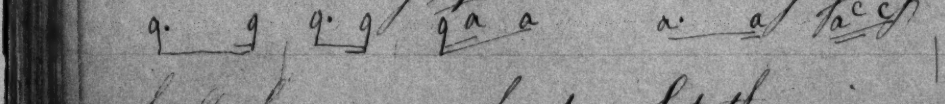
Build me a house saith the Lord, and let every heart contribute As ye



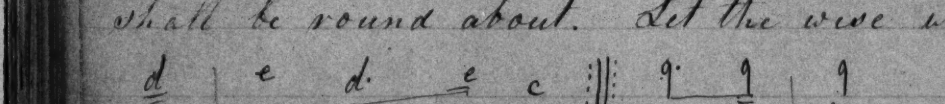
raise it to my spirit. With my glory I will fill it, And my power



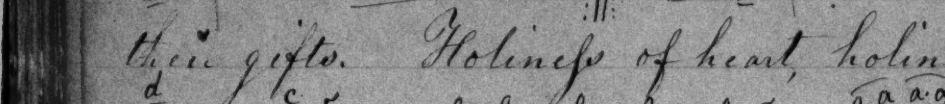
shall be round about. Let the wise who have long known my way, bring



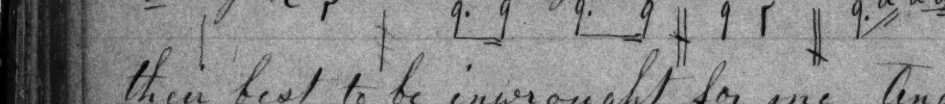
their gifts. Holiness of heart, holiness of life. Let the young bring



their best to be inwrought for me, And ye shall all together write holiness



Ho-ho-li-ness, holiness to the Lord God, Holiness upon all things in his house forever

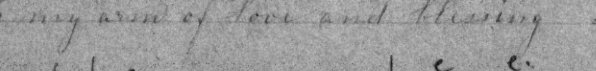


C.h.h. Canterbury, N.H. 1868

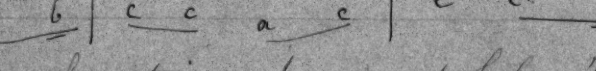
Marches

№ 2 Blessing for Gods Elect

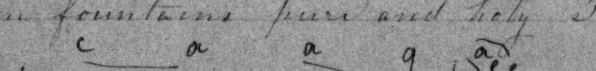
With my arm of love and blessing My chosen I will lead



From fountains pure and holy Their spirits I will feed

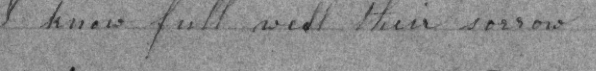


For I know full well their sorrow I'm acquainted with their grief



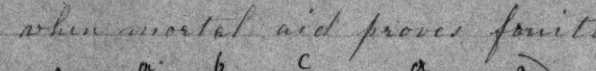
And when mortal aid proves fruitless My hand shall give relief

So rejoice ye my Beloved Thó affliction be your lot

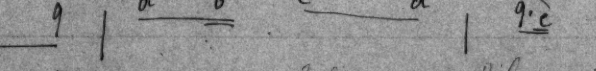


For night and day I'll guard you With an eye that sleepeth not

The sun may cease its shining All nature prove a wreck



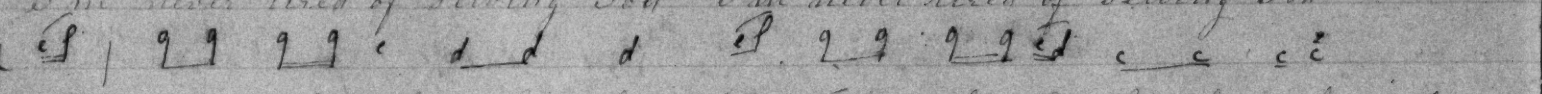
But heaven with its arch All mighty And true to Gods elect



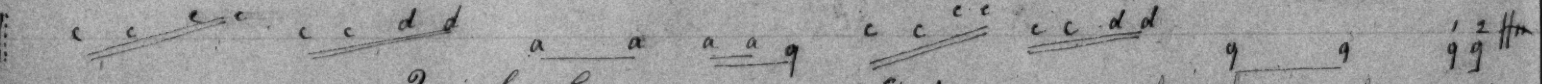
Continued

Mothers song.

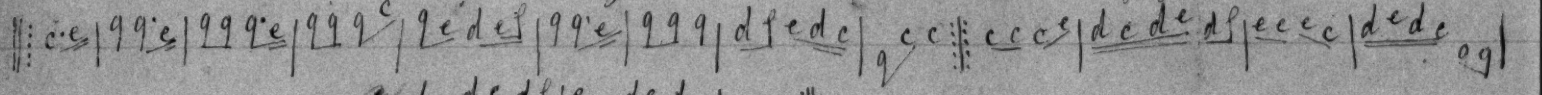
I'm never tired of serving God I'm never tired of serving God



Re a be a be a be a bum bum be a be re a bea bea bea bum bum bum.



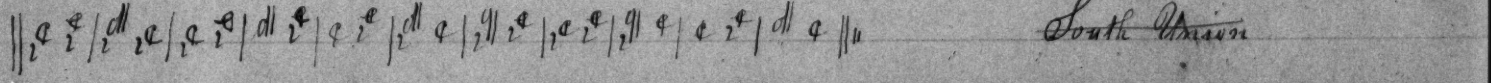
Quick Song. Eastern Sung by Mother now when on earth



O how bright is our day and pretty the way that Mother has taught her children to travel and labor for pure love and union

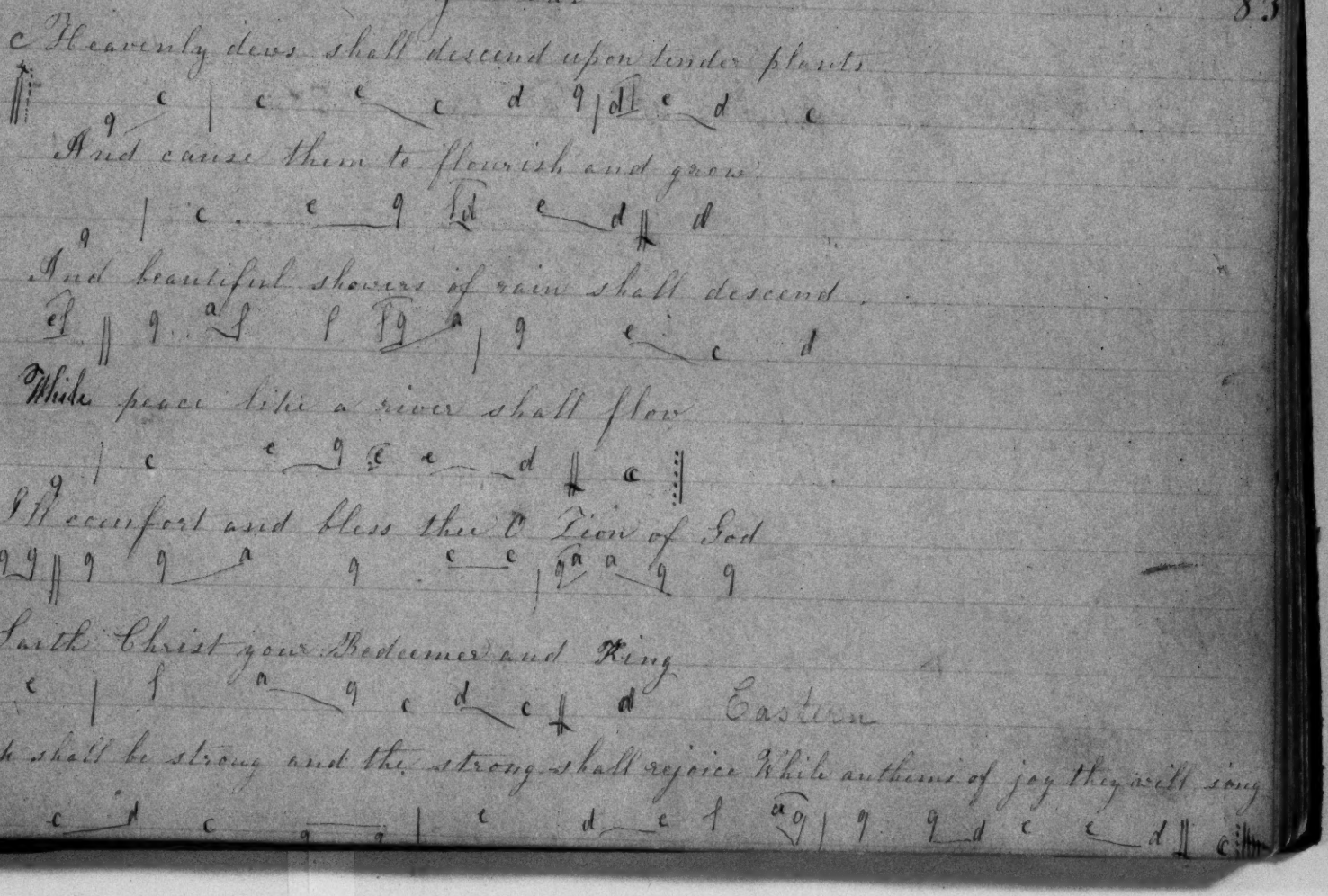
O dont you want my love I want yours will mingle & mix so Satan can fix nothing betwixt our laboring for pure love and union

South Union

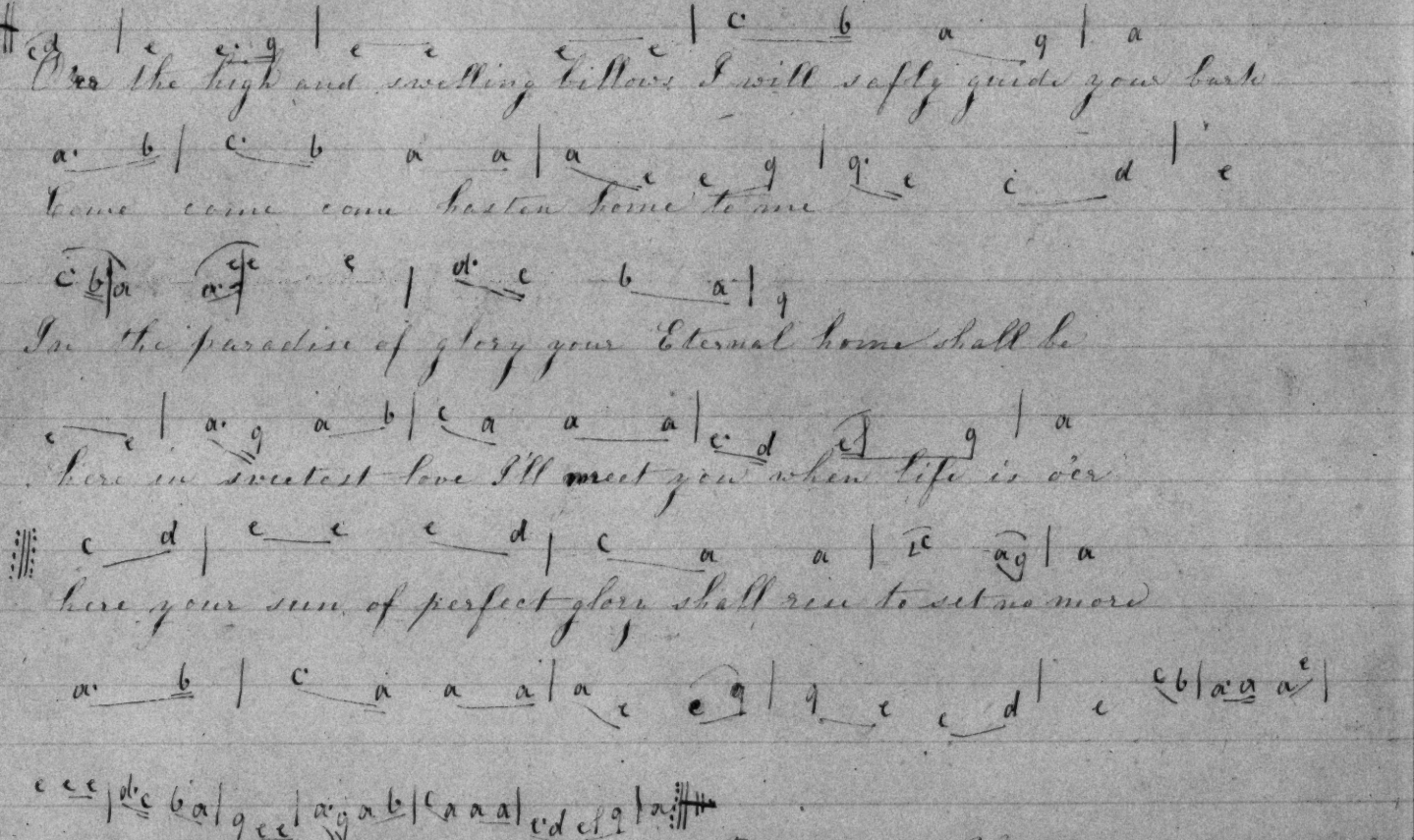


~~South Union~~

Heavenly Dews

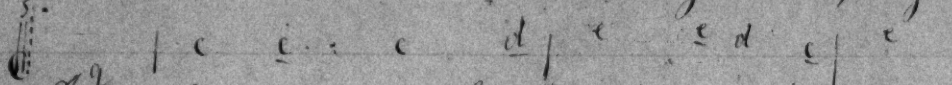

Heavenly dews shall descend upon tender plants
And cause them to flourish and grow
And beautiful showers of rain shall descend
While peace like a river shall flow
I'll comfort and bless thee O Zion of God
Saith Christ your Redeemer and King
Eastern
The weak shall be strong and the strong shall rejoice While anthems of joy they will sing

84 c Press on O my children though your way seems rough and dark


Over the high and swelling billows I will safely guide your barks
Come come come hasten home to me
In the paradise of glory your Eternal home shall be
Here in sweetest love I'll meet you when life is o'er
Here your sun of perfect glory shall rise to set no more

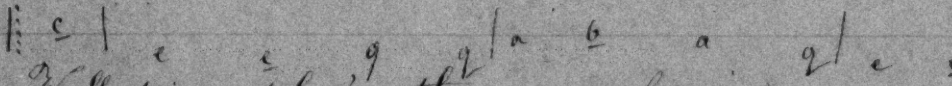
Received from Holy Mother. Italy 50 Holy Sou

21 Like valient souls will now begin To purge out dross in Zion



And cleanse our souls from every sin And boldly stand the trial

The Lord has called us to this work and we will freely enter



Well triumph o'er the man of sin & every evil conquer

1st Order N Lebanon
Sept 22nd 1850

For love and union let us run the race of self denial The cross will never be

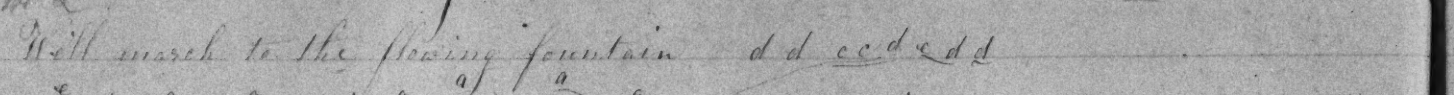
to shun Nor murmur under trial Let none presume to say or feel This is not good

employment For sure a harvest it will yield Of heavenly enjoyment

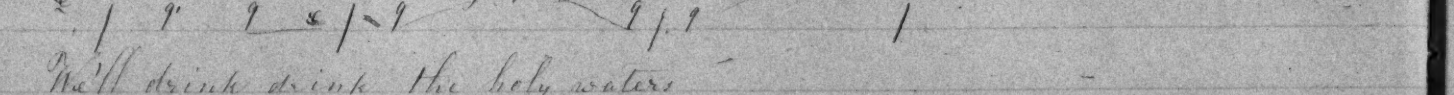
86

Heavenly Invitation

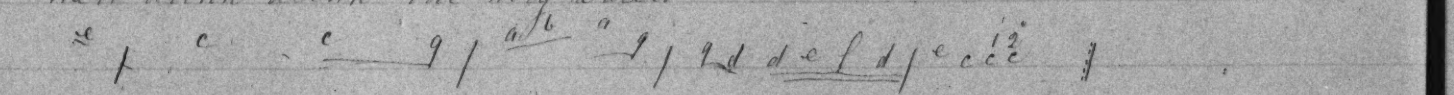
We'll march to the flowing fountain



We'll drink drink the holy waters



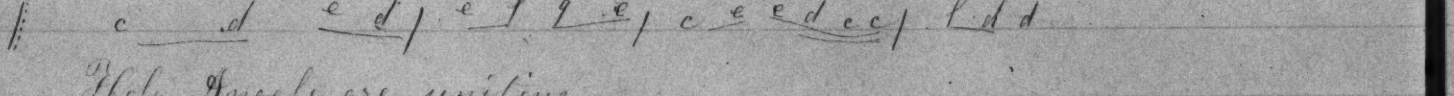
Christ and Mother are inviting



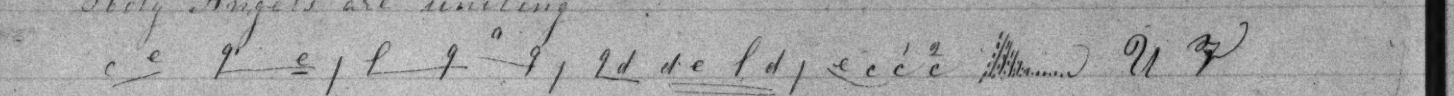
Holy Angels are uniting

Pretty Road. M. H.

Let us walk the pretty road to heaven Onward Mother says now time is given



Now on calmly never mind the weather Mother love will cheer us in the day of sorrow



Beautiful Valley

M. L. K. P.

a I am going down to the beautiful valley To eat of its fruit & its vintage so sweet

d | e e | g g g | d e d | d b a | a b b | d d d | a b a | a

Dis ian this how wale a crown I'll inherit And there my redemption will be complet

g | a b a | a g | a b a | b d d d | e g g | c d b | d b a | a

I'm going down where the lowly in spirit Are sounding sweet praises to God evermore

d | e e | a g a | b a g | g e d | d e e | a g a | a e d | e

And through its pleasant groves and by its flowing fountain I'll walk this lovely region o'er

g | e e e e | a a | b b a a | b d d d | e g | e e | a b d g b | a

D. F.

M. L. M. L.

c Come take your harp down from the willow O ye little chosen ones

e | g e c d | e e e d | e g g a g | g g g |

Unto you the sun has risen unto ye his glory's come

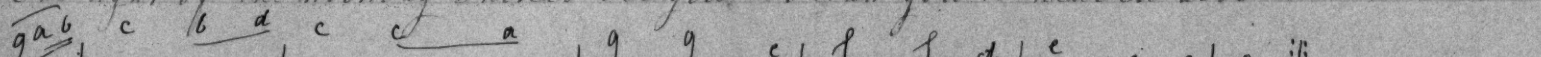
g g g | e g g c | g a g c d | c c c | c c d | e g g e | c c c | d e d |

c c c d | e g g e | g a g e d | c c c | Southern

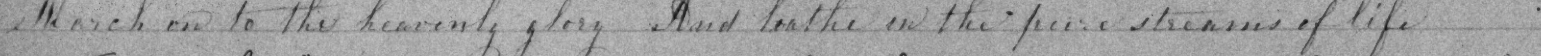
No 2

March on to the scene that before you Bright streams from the fountain of love

The light of the moonday shines o'er you To lead you to heaven above



March on to the heavenly glory And bathe in the pure streams of life



And come to our Mother before you She'll clothe you with robes ever bright

Oer on the wings of sweet victory My soul will in truth take its flight
And be in the kingdom of glory In heaven we soon will unite
With joy and rejoicing once forward For all zions children can see
That Mother is calling us onward What comfort in heaven there be

South Union

May I Martyr meaning round Looking for indulgence In my duty I'll be found

Thus showing satan vengeance

Canterbury

Mr O may the gospel trumpet, Thro' every land resound, And the praises of Jehovah

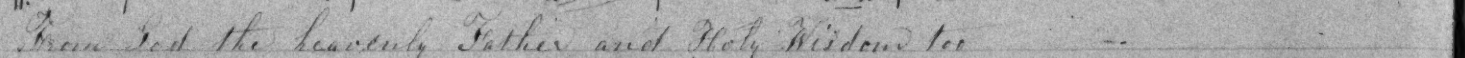
Reecho all around, That every Isle & Nation, Yea every Tribe & tongue,

May receive this great salvation, And join the happy throng.

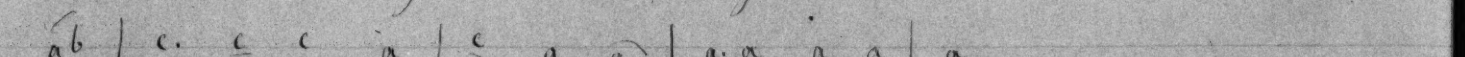
Eastern

190 No 2 Blessing from the Eternal Tree

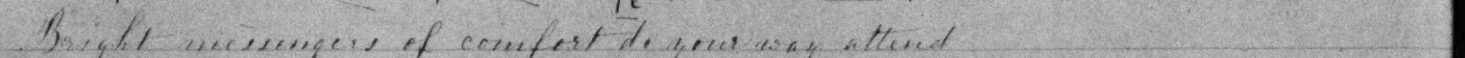
Sweet comfort and blessing I have brought unto you



From God the heavenly Father and Holy Wisdom too

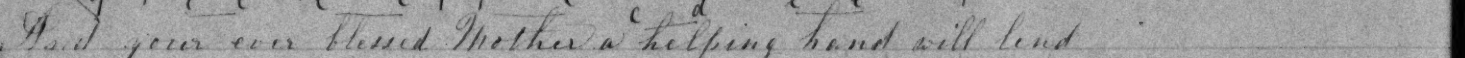


Bright messengers of comfort do your way attend

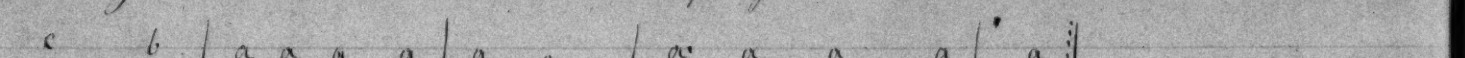


And your ever blessed Mother a helping hand will lend

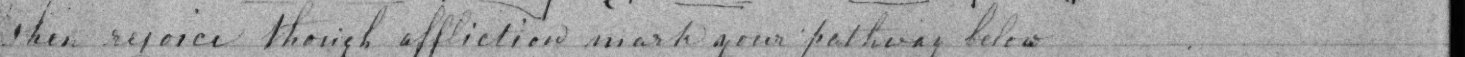
Then rejoice though affliction mark your pathway below



The hand of the Lord will sustain you may ye know In his power & his glory



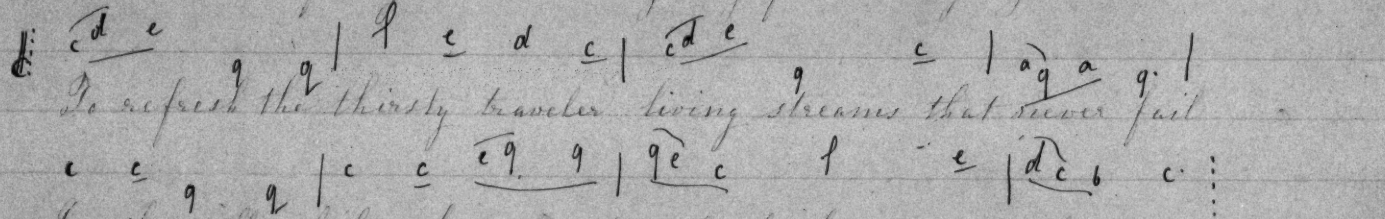
Forever ye shall shine Ye are blessed by his hand and sealed by Wisdom divine



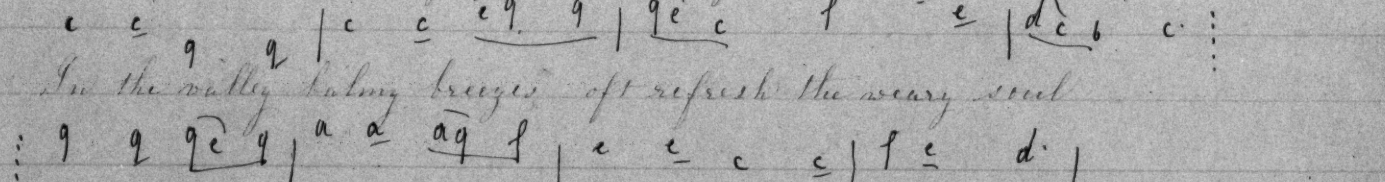
Eastern

M & L

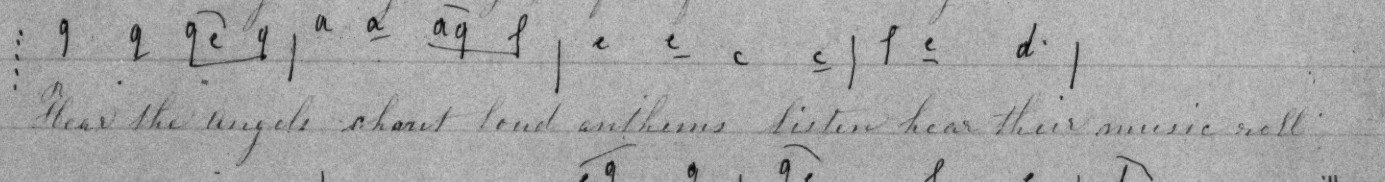
Gentle rills of crystal waters gently flow through grove and



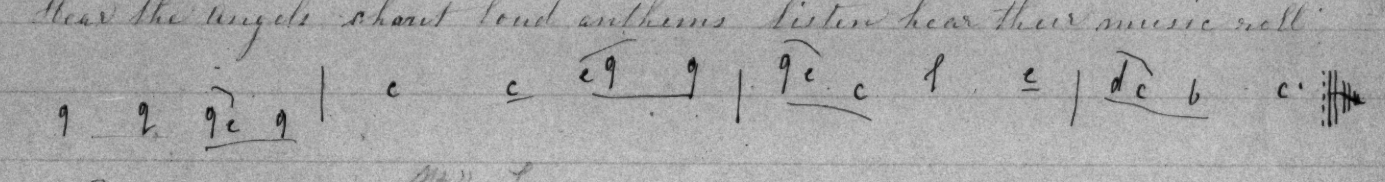
To refresh the thirsty traveler living streams that never fail



In the valley balmy breezes oft refresh the weary soul

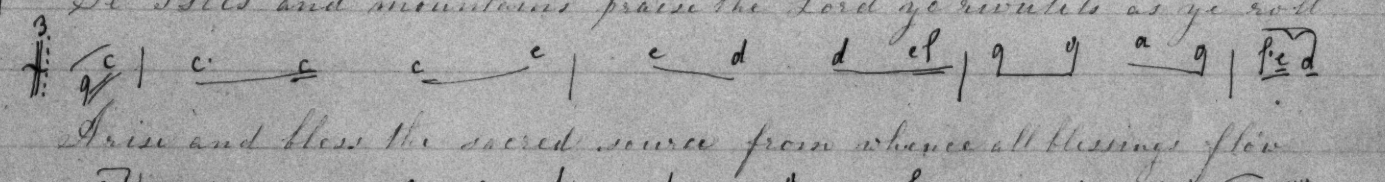


Hear the angels shout loud anthems listen hear their music roll

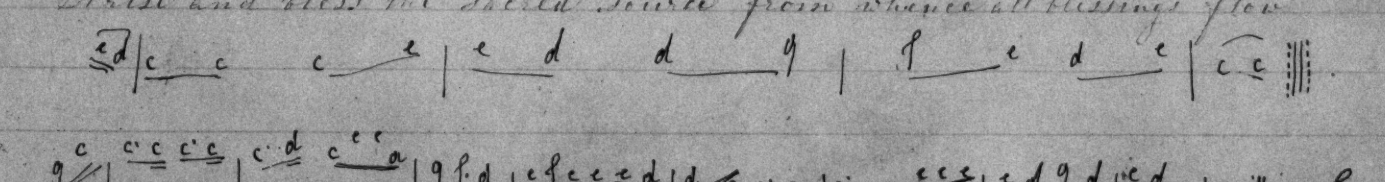


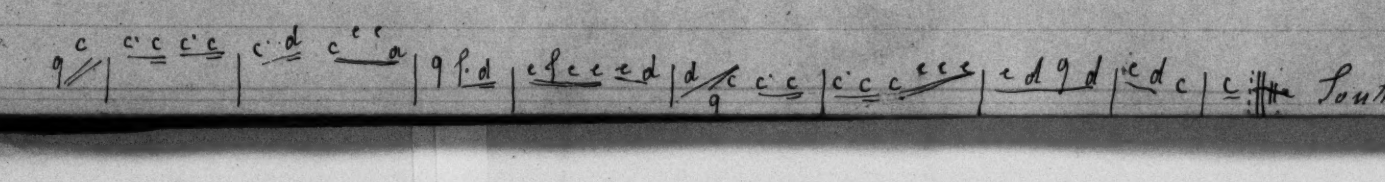
M^r L

1 Ye Isles and mountains praise the Lord ye rivulets as ye roll



Arise and bless the sacred source from whence all blessings flow





Southern

92

'Tis a straight forward work me shun ning the cross 'Tis right up & down solid warriors I'm

Such will fight the enemy & valiently stand for the gospel cause

O let me remain with this innocent band Let me have a home in that far better land

And 'tis heaven to my soul I ask nothing more Only give me a home on fair Canaan's shore

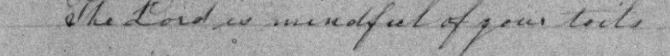
Southern

Step Song

Heaven's golden treasures heaven's choicest gems Are open to the faithful

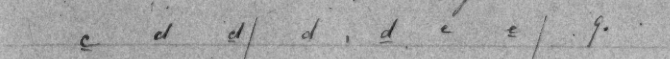
Come come partake of them Sing sweetly sing ye sons of God ye daughters too rejoice

The Lord is mindful of your toils Your labors are not lost



Frederic Wicker 1st Order
Watervleet

I will comfort those that mourn Those that weep shall yet rejoice I will heal the wounded soul



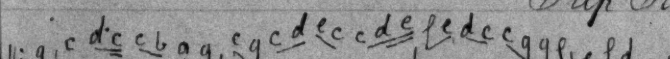
Saith your holy Mother's voice

Call for Warriors

Come forth ye valient stout hearted soldiers Stand for the cause in which you're engaged
Fight for the victory & gain a crown all glorious For lo the trumpet's sounded the war is waged
The call is for warriors with undaunted courage And who will stand the test in each trying hour
I will be one for my faith I have planted On the rock of ages & eternal power

Canterburg 1854

Step Song.



Dr. R. f. The prettiest Tune

c. O there's a name from among the many That chimes on mine ear with an accent serene +

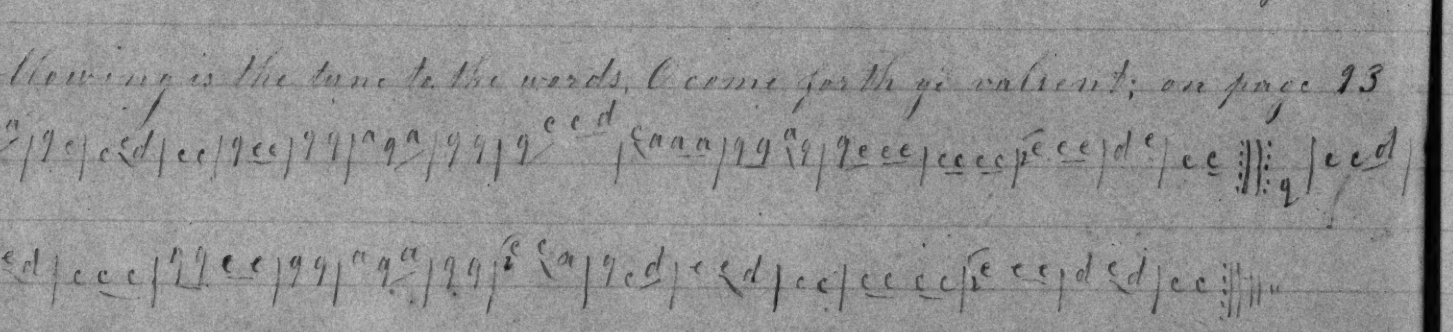
'Tis fairer than rubies I mean to possess it 'Tis prettier far than king or queen

'Tis a good believer a good believer Roll it over & sound it again

A good believer there is no title Half so pretty in the language of men

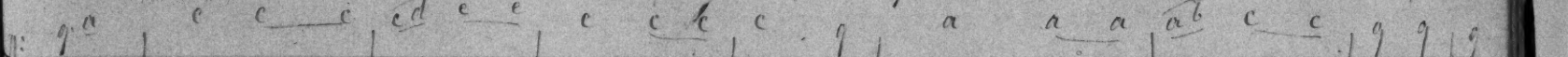
Canterbury

The following is the tune to the words, O come forth ye valient; on page 93

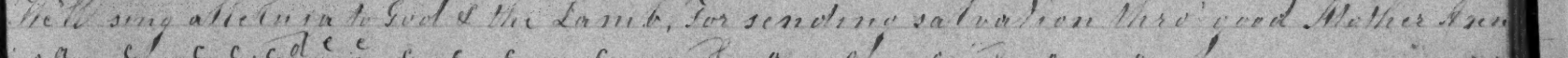


& voice

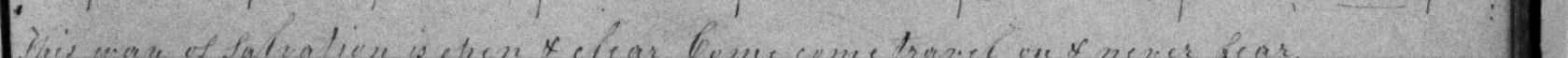
Shout Brethren & Sisters O shout & rejoice, We'll praise the Redeemer with heart & voice



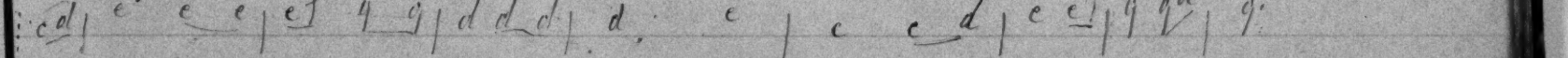
We'll sing alleluia to God & the Lamb, For sending salvation thro' good Mother Ann



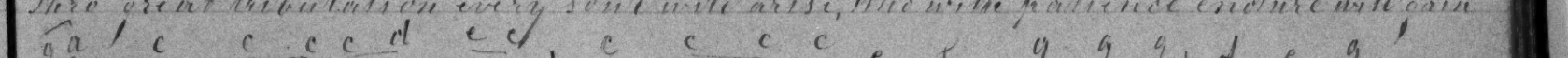
This way of salvation is open & clear, Come come travel on & never fear,



Thro' great tribulation every soul will arise, Who with patience endure will gain

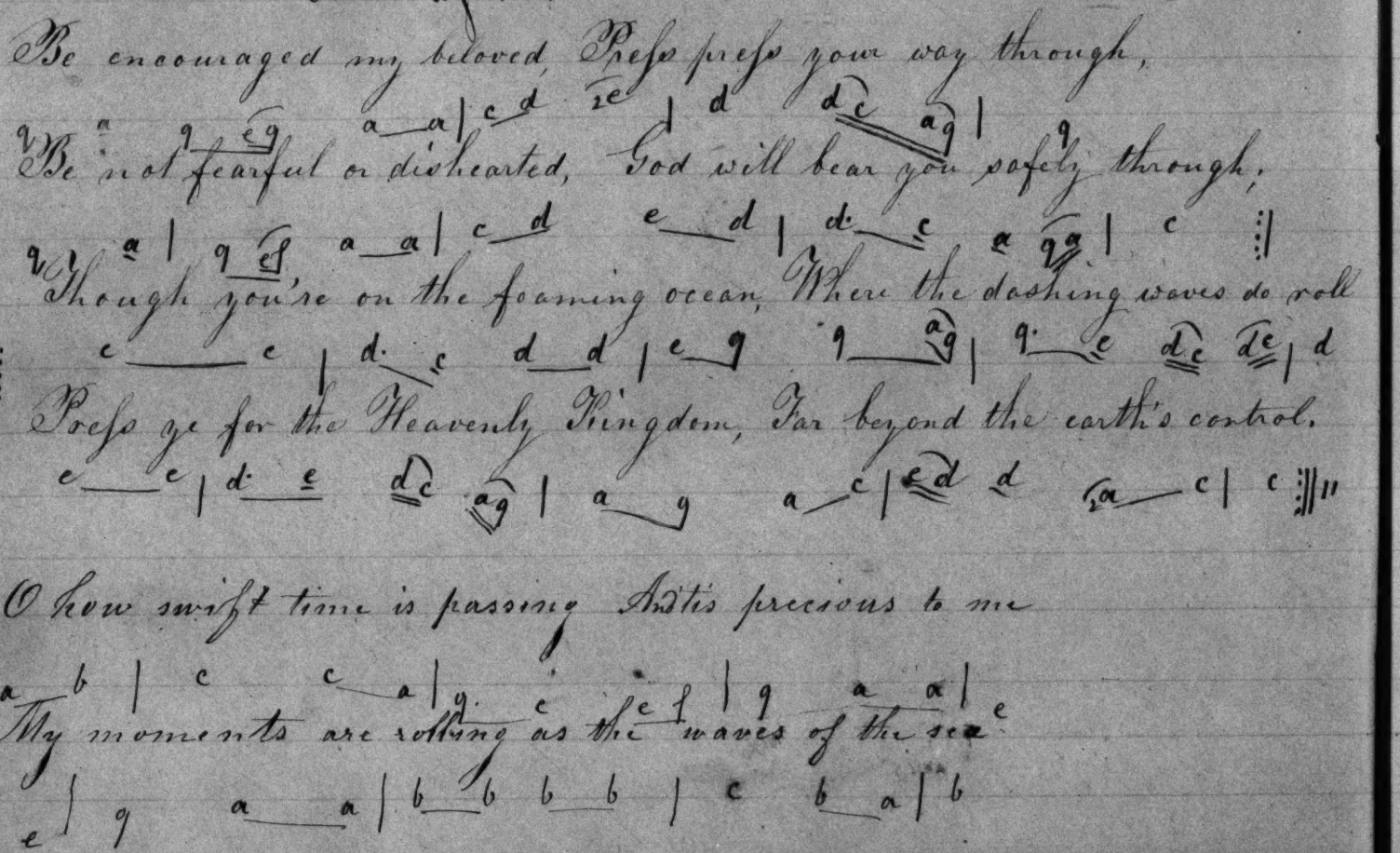


the rich prize. George Pegalis. N. H.



Encouragement

Be encouraged my beloved, Press press your way through,


Be not fearful or disheartened, God will bear you safely through,
Though you're on the foaming ocean, Where the dashing waves do roll
Press ye for the Heavenly Kingdom, Far beyond the earth's control.
O how swift time is passing And is precious to me
My moments are rolling as the waves of the sea

They are solemn & weighty as they roll one by one

b b | c e e e | d b · b a | a a a |

And exclaim with a meaning they are gone they are gone,

e | e e | g a a | b c e e d | b a a a | a ||

But alas for its pleasures they are vain they are gay

|| c d e e g | e d c d | e c e | c

They perish in using & soon pass away

a | c c a | b a g | a a a |

And time time is calling every moment to me

e g | a a g | a e e e | c c b a | c

Arise & be living for eternity.

d | e c b | c a a | e g a a | a ||

Quick Song.

g || c e | g e e d e f | g e d e c | g e e d e d | c a c c c | c a g a c | c a g a c | c c d e d | c a c c c ||

F. G.

98 And why throw off the burdens now The work we all must do

Why not come up & face the foe And brave the battle thro'

Those who the yoke have meekly worn And thro all seasons trials borne

Have found a travel swift & sure A kingdom won that will endure.

A Common or Slow March.

As recedes the morning dew Before the rising sun So natures dearest pleasures

Are vanished & gone And the pure love of heaven Takes possession of the soul

And carries it onward beyond earths controll; O help me Kind Angels, To labor & pray,

For this treasure so enobling My soul does aspire, O help me forsake
All that nature can claim, To be rising in the spirit Higher & higher.
Eastern.

There is a land of endless light, A land of joy & pure delight, A land of love &
Union bright, O'tis a heavenly land, 'Tis there the soul with grief oppress't Relief can
find in joyous rest, And be with love forever blest, O'tis a heavenly land.
Eastern.

There's not a sacrifice made say Mother, But I will repay four fold,
Never look back never grow weary, For each one made is more than gold

100 Number the grains that form the mountain Number the sands upon the shore

Number the drops of the mighty ocean, Still Gods mercies will be more.

6 Come O come ye faithful few Here is a feast of love for you

The Angels of heaven combine To bless each faithful child of mine

Tho loud storms of envy too Shall pass lightly over you

And peace like the morning dew, Shall fill our souls with comfort.

There is a way that leads to God A way that faithful saints have trod
A way to find a blest abode O 'tis a glorious way

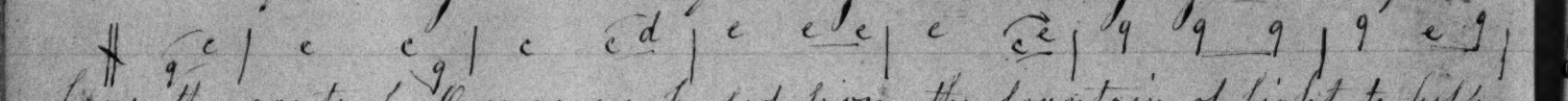
'Tis free from all the snares of sin And all who daily walk therein
Eternal life are sure to win O 'tis a glorious way.

There is a home on earth thats blest, A home of peace & quietness
A home where troubled souls can rest O 'tis a beautiful home
'Tis here devoted souls are found Bestowing goodness all around
And gospel graces do abound O 'tis a beautiful home.

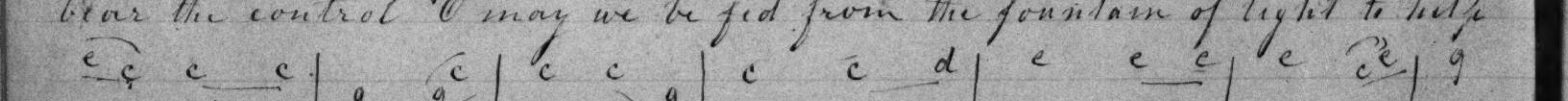
See page 99 for 3rd verse.

P. H.

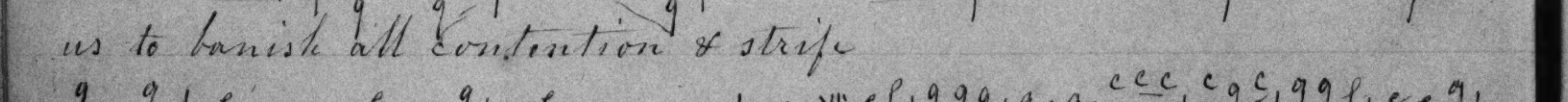
102b Come pure holy love come fill every soul, O may thy sweet influence



bear the control O may we be led from the fountain of light to help



us to banish all contention & strife



South Union.

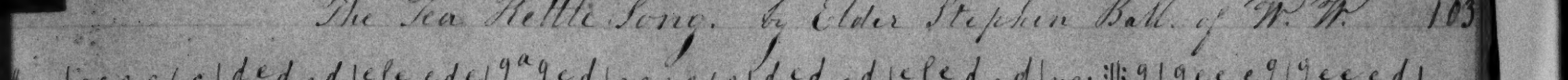
Trying Hour

Hark O my children dear
To wipe away the falling tear
Dark clouds your sky encast
Wait wait till the storm is past

I your Mother still am near
In this your trying hour
Tossed by the angry howling blast
And you shall feel my power

Harvy Eades

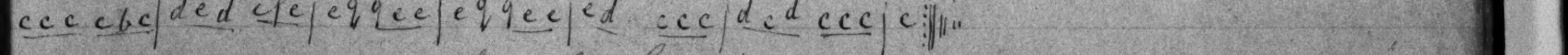
The Tea Kettle Song. by Elder Stephen Ball of W. W.



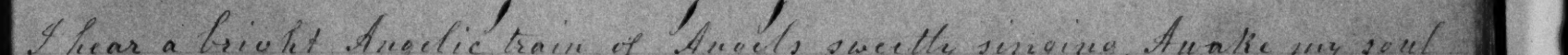
Angels Singing

I hear a bright Angelic train of Angels sweetly singing, Awake my soul

& join the strain The heavenly music's ringing



Angelic March.



From Water Flint 169

The Narrow Way.

'Tis the straight & narrow way, Hallelujah hallelujah, This the way we praise the Lord

Glory hallelujah, This's the love that knits the soul, Closely as a unit, To the work we

give our hearts, Time & every talent.

Never Mind.

Press on my faithful few, Never fear those earthly sorrows

From Water Street O.

A Full Baptism.

I feel the need of a deeper baptism, 11 Into the work of the Lord 7

The Holy Ghost & fire from Heaven 9 The sharp & quickening word 6

I want to eat from my Father's table 10 The bread that perisheth not, 7

And drink of the waters pure & holy, 10 That flows from the City of God. 8

Anna White. M. L.

Onward move in the right, In the voice of the Mighty Hosts That surround

the camps of Israel, Stand firm, never flinch, tho' thy foes may be strong,

106 For mighty is the arm that is helping you along. There is no time for

halting in this bright gospel day But onward for the Kingdom make no

delay None but the valient hearted will obtain the priceless gem

That's laid up for the faithful In the New Jerusalem

See this bright Angelic throng, Marching as an army strong, Hear their

music loudly roar, As they near this earthly shore, Dear companions

Let us move, Let us join their songs of love, To earths ties I can't be bound

Since I've heard this glorious sound.

Mt. Lebanon.

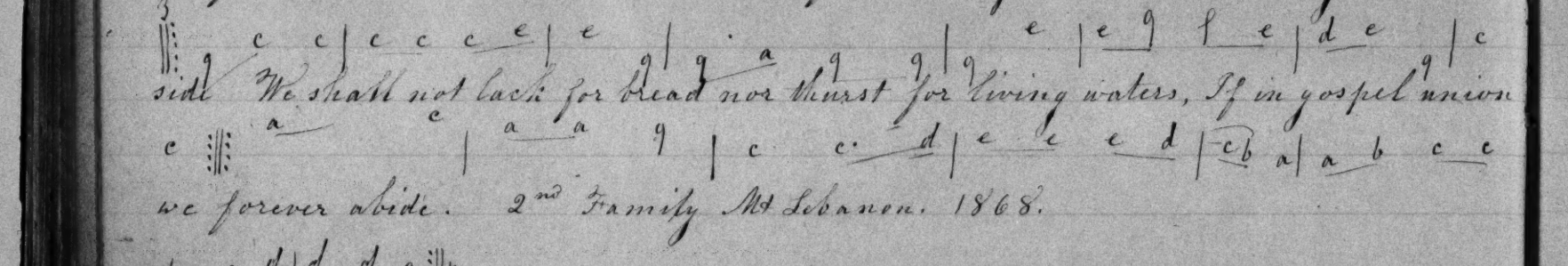
Tell me not there is pleasure in a lukewarm idleness, Tell me not where toil
is absent, That the spirit can find rest, Nay nay 'tis our Christian duto
To toil on cheerfully, By exertion life is pleasant, & fraught with peace (unto) abunda

Mt Lebanon.

A fountain here is open'd And souls invited in, O come & be baptised,
Be cleansed from every sin The waters now are rising, And souls must sink
or swim, Who'd save his life must loose it, And those who loose shall win.

Canterbury.

108 If we travel in union our spirits will flourish & grow as the willow by the water's



side We shall not lack for bread nor thirst for living waters, If in gospel union

we forever abide. 2nd Family Mt Lebanon. 1868.

Weep not at what the world can do, Repine not for its wrong,

But wear a smile upon thy brow, It can not harm thee long,

The cold contempt, the bitter scorn, The hatred & the strife,

Will not feel lighter if we mourn, Oh then 'tis well to smile.

Then smile at human vanity, And smile at human pride,
And smile when some do flatter thee, And smile when they deride,
When some would do thee wrong then smile, And care not to condemn.
When some thy feeling seeks to vile, Then have a smile for them.

Smile with the early morning light, Smile with the opening flower,
Smile when the sun shines in his might, Smile at the evening hour,
And lift in praise thy smiling face, And smiling breath a prayer
To her who giveth us this grace, And smiles upon us there.

Our Union is Pure.

Sweet the union we enjoy, Pure is our Relation, We hold it as a sacred tie,
This bond of our connection: O let our love expand, Let it be unbounded;

110 Thus the House of faith shall stand Firm & undivided. Anna White.

Mt. Lebanon. 168

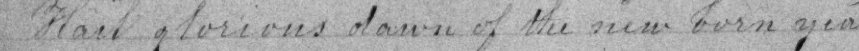
A Welcome for the New Year.

Hail glorious dawn of the new born year, We welcome thy advent with pleasure

sincere, Still higher the standard of truth we will rear, And on for eternal

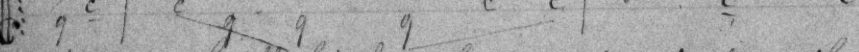
progression With faith for our light & duty our guide, We'll sail o'er life's surges

what ever betide In Gods holy promise alone we'll confide The kingdom shall



be our possession. Mt. Lebanon Chh. 1st Order Jan. 1st 1867.

A Quick Tune. from Watervliet, Ohio. 169.



Grow up Strength.

Let us grow up strength in zion A great mountain of strength

That we may be able to endure All trials & ev'ry affliction

We'll comfort each other, Be strong in the Lord, For we know that

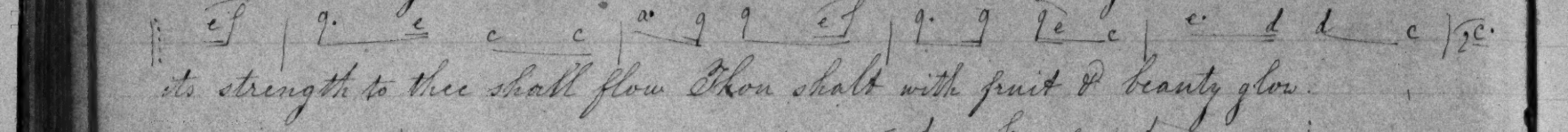
the faithful will have their reward, And reign in the kingdom of

Sing very distinkly. New Gloucester Maine.

A voice as from a thousand hills My soul with deep conviction fills

That 'tis the selfish life of man That God rejects by his own plan

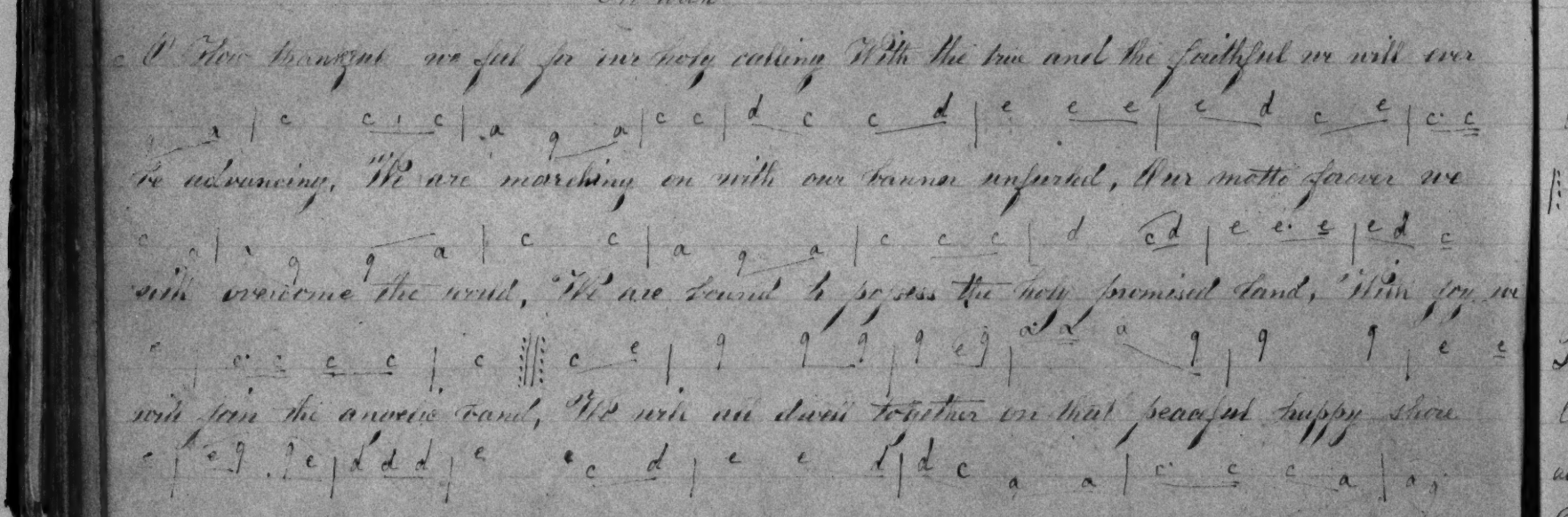
112 Then rise my soul cast all aside And in the living vine abide And as



its strength to thee shall flow Thou shalt with fruit & beauty glow.

Chh. Canterbury 1869

March

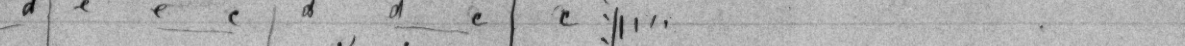

O how thankful we feel for our holy calling With the true and the faithful we will ever
be advancing, We are marching on with our banner unfurled, Our motto forever we
will overcome the world, We are bound to possess the holy promised land, With joy we
will join the angelic band, We will all dwell together on that peaceful happy shore

"Where sorrow & parting will be known no more" &c &c.

Union Call

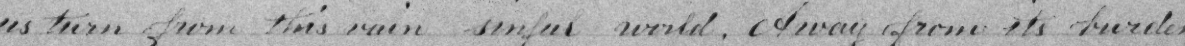
Come let us turn from this vain sinful world, & away from its turbulens

and care, For its votaries to ruin are hurled And sinking in death and dispair



O why should we tarry away, From the joys that are laid up in store

For souls in this bright gospel day Come home we must wander no more.



This union call was composed E. J. B. & Brother Samuel Hurlburt in alternate lines, both the words & the tunes E commencing the first part & S. the last while away from home in search of ash timber for honey baskets (so call'd) Nov 8th '68

I believe that good spirits in the body may as well compose songs & tunes, as

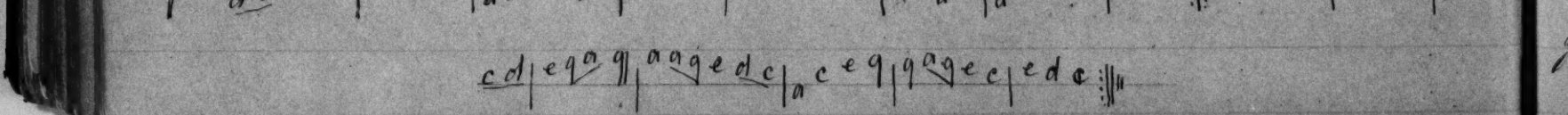
114 those out of the form, & it is a very pretty way to do it for union sake as above described occasionally

Elisha

Humility beautiful virtue thou art, O take full possession of my longing heart

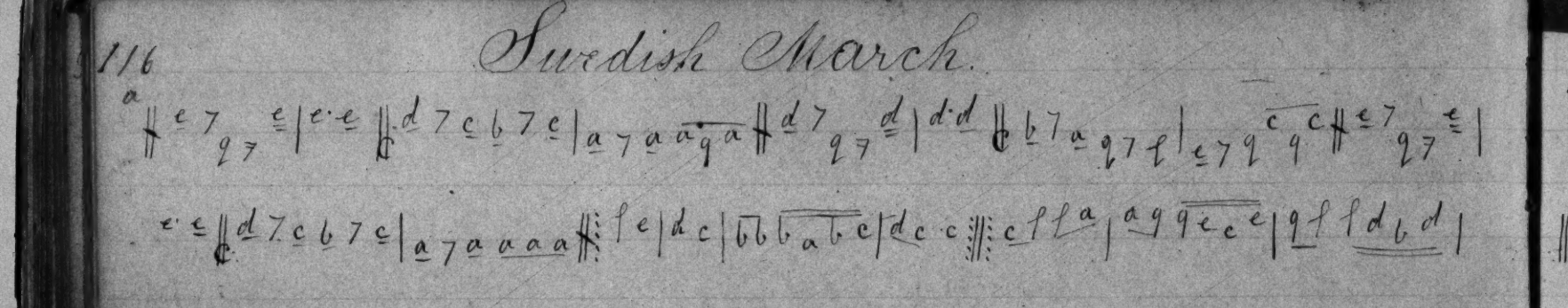
I desire to dwell in thy lowly sweet vale, For there is found peace that never will fail, For there is found peace that never will fail.

Thy fountain is free for all that is low, Thy streams never dry but continually flow, So we'll bathe & drink in thy waters so pure, Angels will love us & help us endure, Angels will love us & help us endure.



O draw your swords ye valient Let not the battle wane Until ye hold
gained the conquests And Satan's hosts are slain With courage as the bravest
of storm the rolling tide And prove that you are in earnest And on the loyal side
Church Canterbury 1864.
Arise as from a thousand hills O'r soul with deep contrition fills That sin
the selfish life of man That God rejects by His own plan Then rise my soul
cast all aside And in the living vine abide And as its strength to thee shall
flow Thou shalt with fruit and beauty grow Chh Canterbury 1864.

Swedish March.



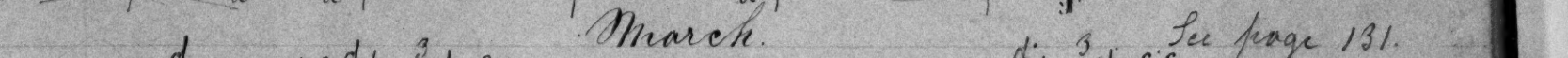
Learned of Elder Harvey L Eades & Co. 169

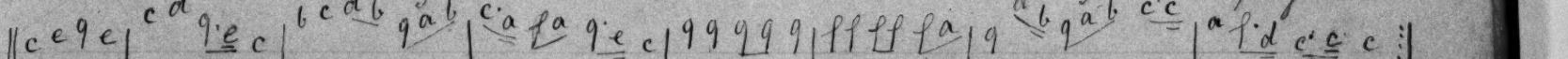
Love Universal.

O this love universal I want to be gaining As pure as the heavens, Without
spot or stain, I want to be forgiving & to be forgiven, I will drink at this
fountain again & again To live in the truth, heed this tender conviction
Is the faith that my Mother has given to me To live to the order thats set

for protection 'Tis here I find power O here I will be

March. See page 131.





O. C. H. 169.

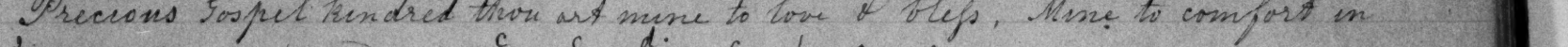
Gospel kindred.

Precious Gospel kindred thou art mine to love & bless, Mine to comfort in

distress And soothe in tribulation And while here we toil together, Let us

feel that we are one, Striving for the glorious kingdom, Striving 'till the victory's

won. Ephraim Frost. Water Vliet. Ohio.



118 Why should I be vain or idle While my moments swiftly fly

Sweet will fall each well lived hour, When I lay me down to die

Far beyond the swell of Earth life, There will be no high or low

For a Father's love hath planed it That we reap just as we sow

I have touched your lips with living fire From the holy heavenly Altar

In trying times I'll you inspire Then never faint or falter My voice you

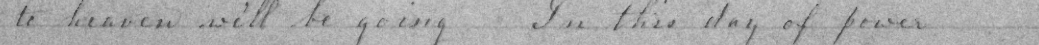
shall hear in the midnight watch, At noon day I'll not leave you, Fear

No 2

Changeable Marches or Shuffles.

Heavenly love is freely flowing And the winds of heaven blowing

On to heaven will be going In this day of power



Chorus

O I feel a goodly portion By the spirit of devotion
I am filled with sweet emotion In this day of power

Chorus

O it is a sight entrancing To behold the saints advancing
Shiping leaping singing dancing In this day of power

Chorus

shall know I am near, by my quickening touch, & nothing shall deceive you

Received for Dorothy Amelia 169.

120 6 The pleasures of this earth we see Are nothing more than misery

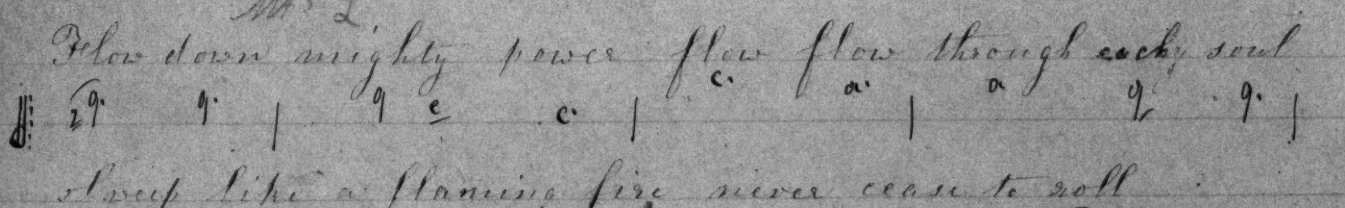
They pass away like vanity Or like an empty sounding

But here in zion we can find The gifts of God of every kind

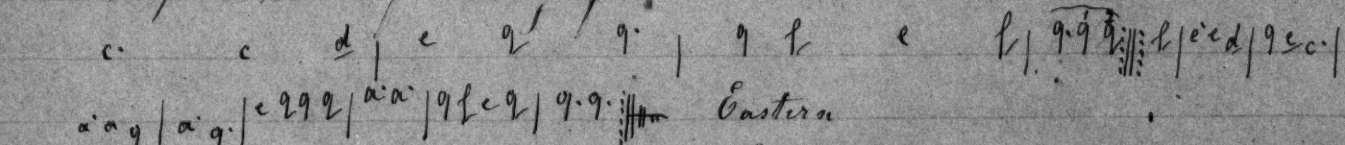
So pure so lovely & divine Forever be increasing.

H M. L.

Flow down mighty power flow flow through each soul



Sweep like a flaming fire never cease to roll



Eastern

March very good w a

I am on the solid rock & I never will retreat, I'am resolved to over come 121

No matter what I meet, I will stem the rolling tide, & I'll brave the threat-

ning storm, Ther's a safe unering guide, And a strong protecting arm

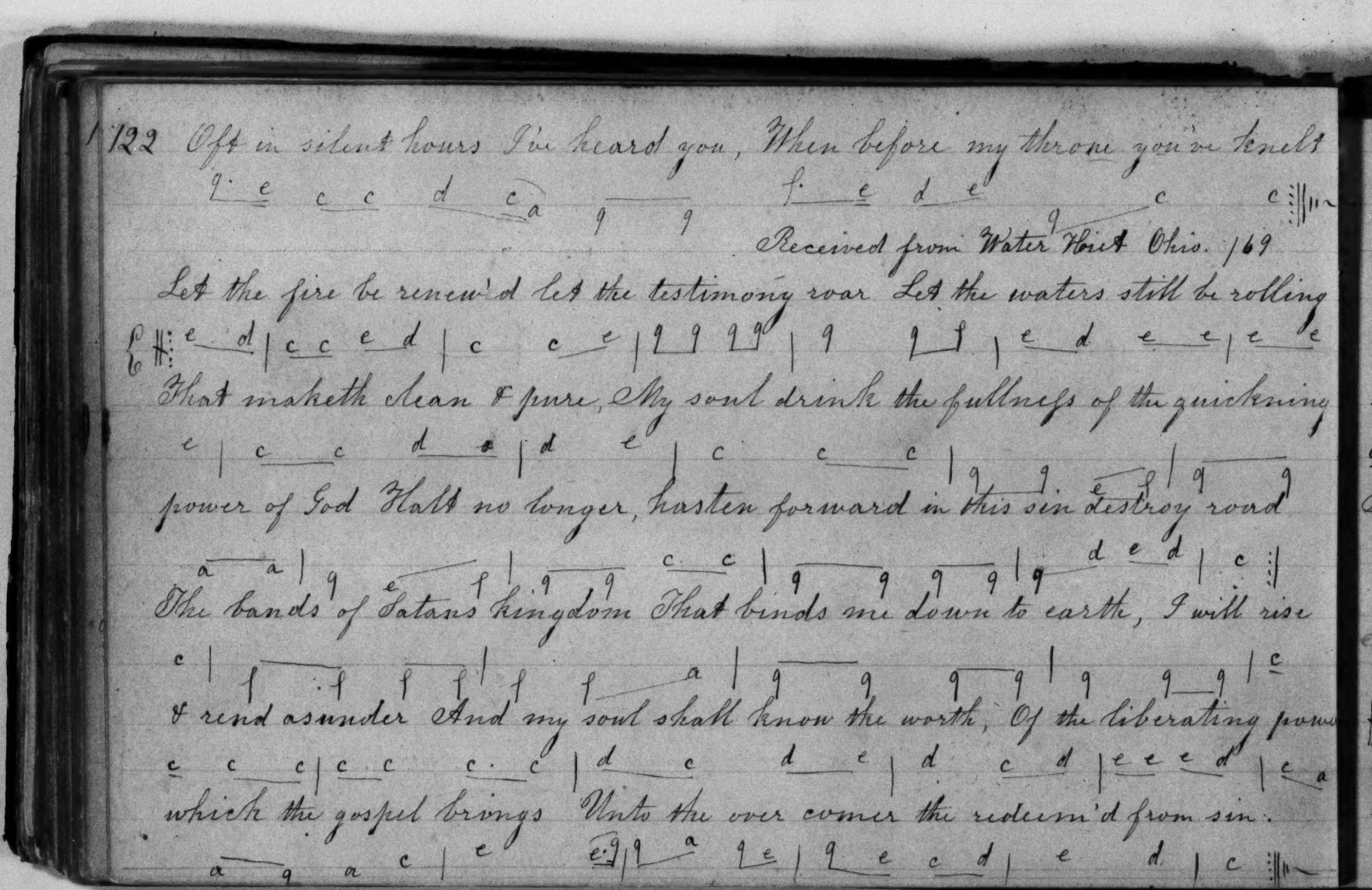
March From Waterbit O.

Faint not O grow not weary, Tho dark clouds obscure thy path

For the sun light of heaven is beaming, O'er your souls its rays are cast

My redeeming power shall be realized, This shall be known, in truth be felt

122 Oft in silent hours I've heard you, When before my throne you've knelt



Received from Water Hoist Ohio. 169

Let the fire be renew'd Let the testimony roar Let the waters still be rolling

That maketh clean & pure, My soul drink the fullness of the quickening

power of God Halt no longer, hasten forward in this sin destroy reord

The bands of Satans kingdom That binds me down to earth, I will rise

& rend asunder And my soul shall know the worth, Of the liberating powe

which the gospel brings Unto the over comer the redeem'd from sin.

Truth alone will stand, all else will surely fail, There is nought in heaven

or Earth That against it can prevail I know, Then why defiant man seek

to vie with powers above, All thy artifice & skill with like empty bubbles prove

Man tho' great, God is greater, man tho' wise, God is wiser & His plans will (overthrow

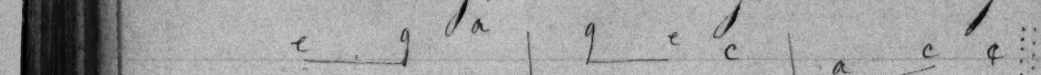
From H. W.

In a fair & peaceful haven, I am seeking a rest, Lovely angels are guiding

my way As the earthly plains I'm leaving, They are sweetly, sweetly calling,

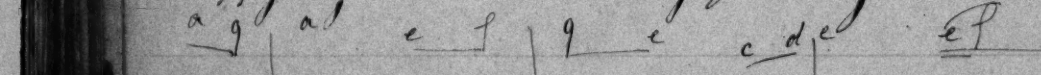
over

124 Come away, Come away, Come away, How happy I'm surrounded,



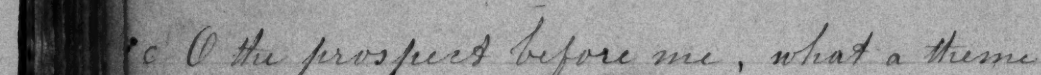
I am strong I am strong With the heavenly host & truth I am strong, O happy

happy day, when I turned my face away, Turned to God & away from all wrong

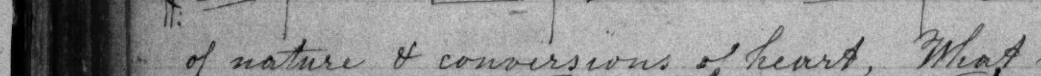


J. A. Loomis, Water Flint, N.Y.

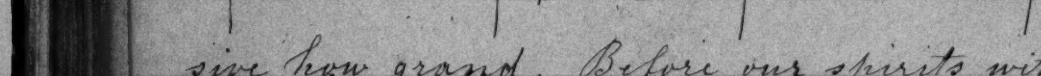
c O the prospect before me, what a theme for thought, What convulsion



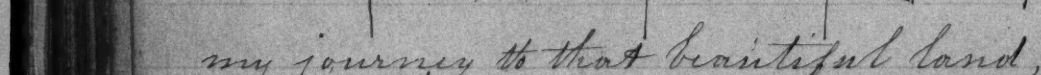
of nature & convulsions of heart, What fields to be traversed, How exten-



sive how grand, Before our spirits with Angels can blend I am on



my journey to that beautiful land, I am on my journey to that



Sing Softly

beautiful land (Where the Angels dwell, where the Angels dwell)

To that bright spirit land so entrancing to mind, The home of my

Parents there I'm bound I am bound. Elder Abraham Perkins

Canterbury Ch. 1869.

What are the fleeting joys of time Compar'd to Heaven's eternal good

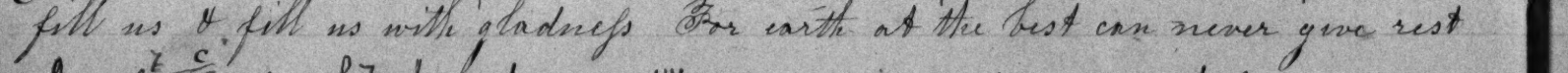
Lord let me feel thy love divine The bread of life, pure Angels food.

O lead me to thy Mansion's fair Thine everlasting praise to sing

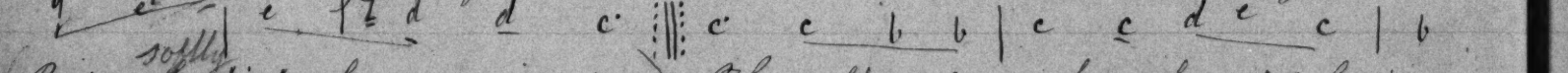
Where souls redeem'd from worldly care Pure offerings sweet before bring Thee

d Flow down from thy fountain above Thou beautiful river of love, &

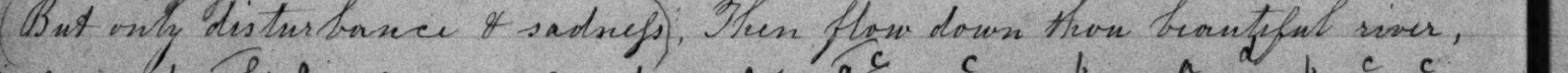
fill us & fill us with gladness For earth at the best can never give rest



softly
(But only disturbance & sadness) Then flow down thou beautiful river,



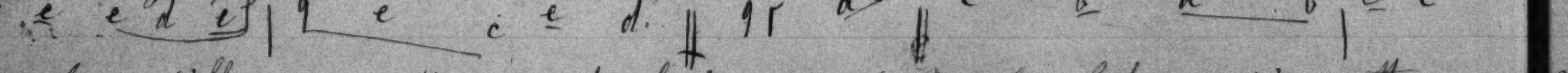
And fill us, & fill us with gladness. N. F. Mt. Lebanon Nov 19th 1869



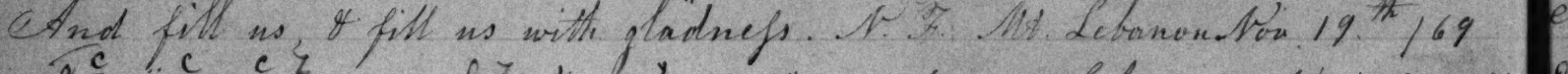
Mount Lebanon North Family.

Psalm 116.

e I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord. I will



walk before the Lord in the land of the living. I will pay my vows unto the Lord now



all
in the presence of his people. In the courts of the Lords House in the midst of thee O! Jerusalem

My souls deep aspiration Would reach the source of Good, I seek a ministration 227

E'en pure Angels food, I ask a blessed shower, Repentance deep and true,

O! saving is its power, It forms the heart anew. Mt Lebanon S. L.

sing slowly A Slow March. Speak very distinctly

Toil on brothers toil to win a crown of glory, Toil on sisters, toil to wear the

robes so holy. Earth's brilliant tempting pleasures are but a fading bubble

They yield the soul no treasure, No shield from sin or trouble.

128 From the dark shades of earth, I'll away, I'll away To my home in

that better land. Thro' the trumpet that's sounding I hear the angels

sing, Hasten on, there's a better land. Toil on, struggle on, fear not the

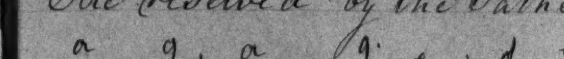
conflict. There is rest in that better Land. If the Cross you will bear

a crown you shall wear, In Heaven that better Land. North Family Written by Andrew Barrett Mt Lebanon

e Bear the cross, don't surrender, God will be thy defender, Let his name be

thy refuge, When fierce struggles arise. Joys no mortal tongue can utter

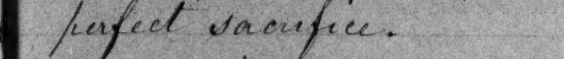
Are received by the Father, When thy soul shall have triumphed By a



perfect sacrifice.

To Sister Martha Hubbard from Martha Crooker
C. H. Canterbury Ct. H. 1868

Trust me O trust me & never Yield to the mandates of cruel despair



To day, Yesterday, & forever, I your Redeemer each moment am near

How can I ever forsake you Be whom the Father hath sent me to save

But in good time I will take you Where the sweet bowers of Paradise wave

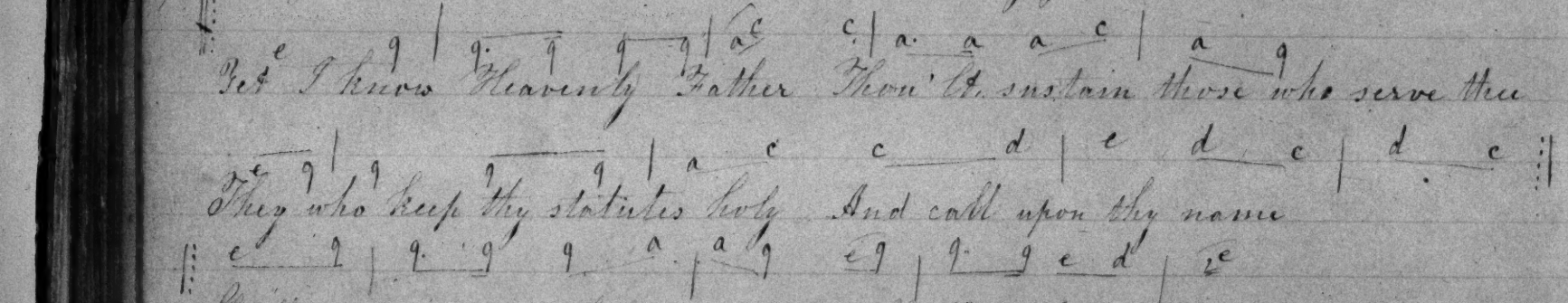
Where the sweet bowers of Paradise wave.

over

130 Wave in the breezes sweetly Sighing around the still garden of God
Where no winds of sorrow blow keenly Nor alone Agony ever has trod
Trust me then trust me & never Yield to the mandates of cruel Despair
Yesterday, now & forever I your Redeemer each moment am near

Nov 169 O. C. H.

Though thou leavest me alone Ceasemingly forsake me

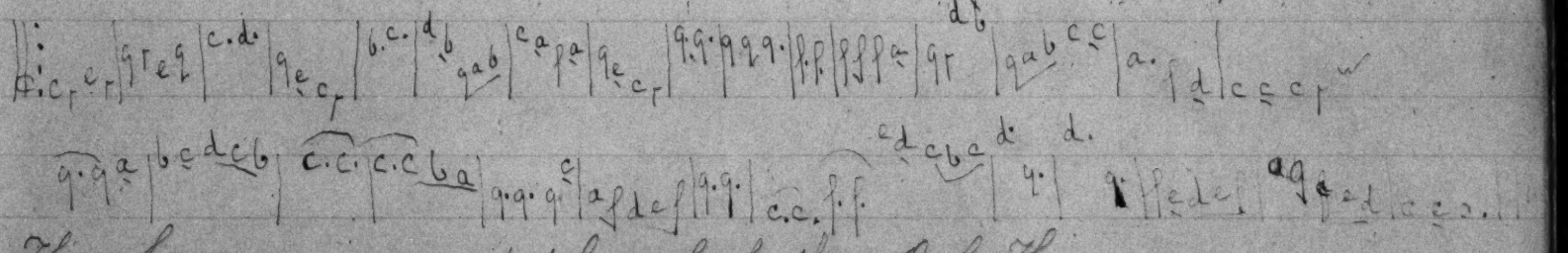

Yet I know Heavenly Father Thou'lt sustain those who serve thee
They who keep thy statutes holy And call upon thy name
Shall see the raging billows calmed Shall walk upon the storm main.

O welcome beloved of the Lord Our gospel kindred so true

Our hearts are full & o'er flowing with blessing, And tow't welcome for you

You're welcome to our happy home To every good we enjoy

To our sweetest gospel love & affection Which time nor death can not destroy.



The above song was noted here by brother O. C. H.

132 A welcome sung to a Co. from Water-vliet, O. Sept. 169

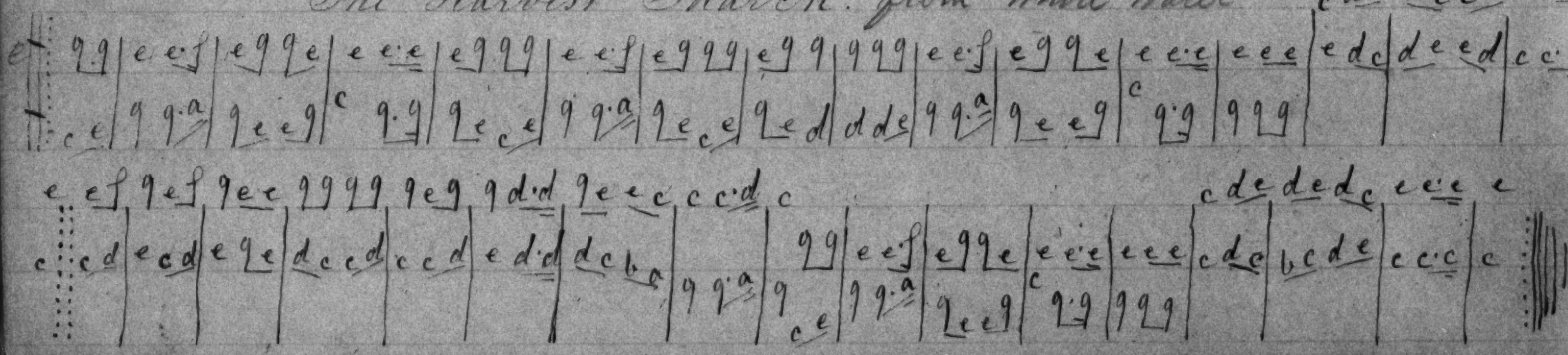
O loving brethren welcome here, Welcome to this safe retreat,

Sisters too, kind & free, You are truly welcome,

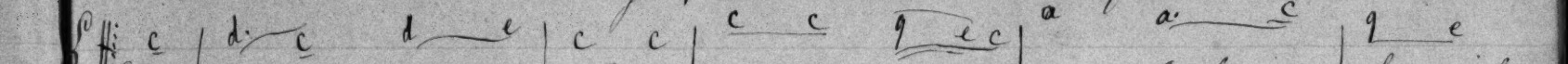
Love binds together strong, O it is a treasure,

Let it flow all around, Unto one another

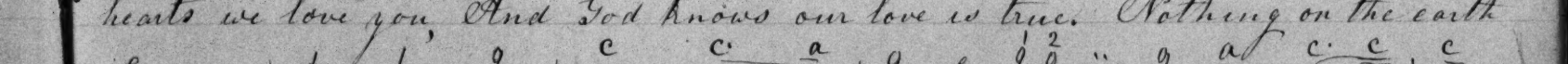
The Harvest March. from White Water



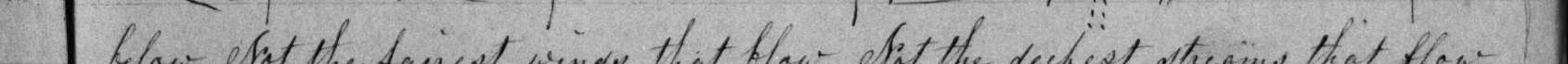
With all our hearts we love you, Nearest dearest best friends with all our



hearts we love you, And God knows our love is true. Nothing on the earth

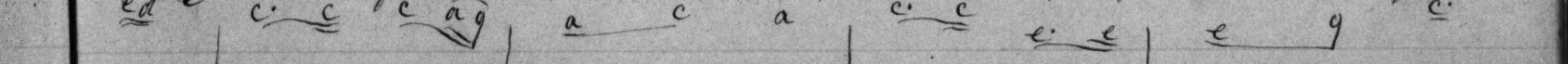


below Not the fairest winds that blow, Not the deepest streams that flow



can separate us from you.

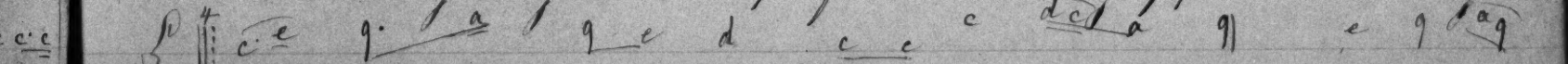
Susan Bartholomew to Sister Susanna
Second Family Enfield N. H.



Tune tune your golden harps for a new song of praise The angels

come from above bringing a balm to the sorrowing soul & a gift of

healing love, Mid the dark storm they gently breathe Words of comfort



& hear, Up thro' the clouds let the song ascend And the Heavenly

Hosts shall hear

The windows of Heaven are opening are opining The sweet Dove

of peace is descending to earth Myriads of Spirits from the relms of

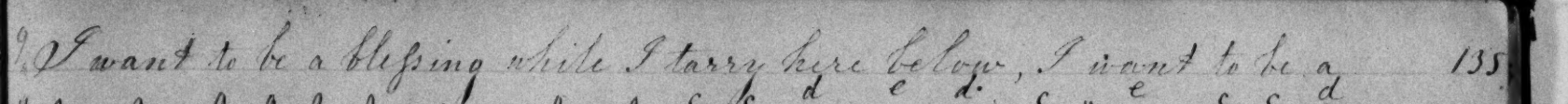
the blessed Are sent forth from God to herald the truth O Zion arise

do not be found slumbering Let your light shine o'er land & o'er

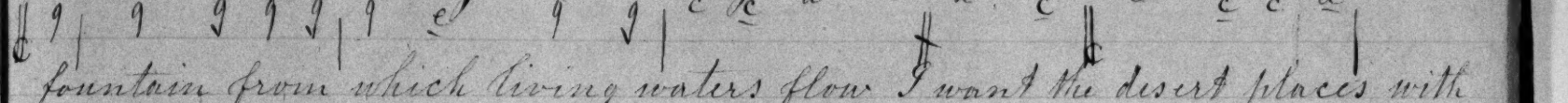
sea Sound O sound the trumpet of fru salvation Raise higher the

standard of true liberty

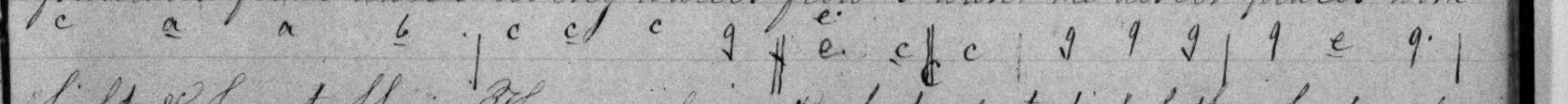
2. I want to be a blessing while I tarry here below, I want to be a



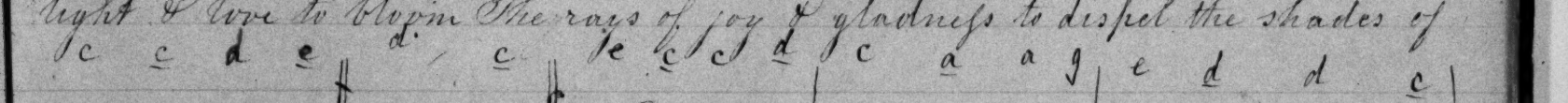
fountain from which living waters flow I want the desert places with



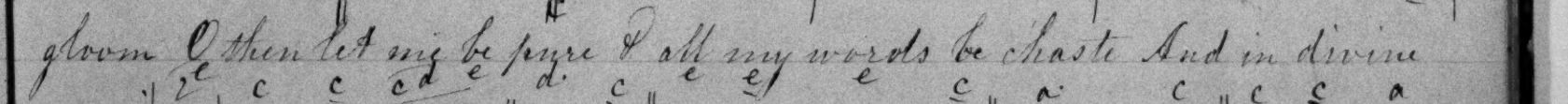
light & love to blopin The rays of joy & gladness to dispel the shades of



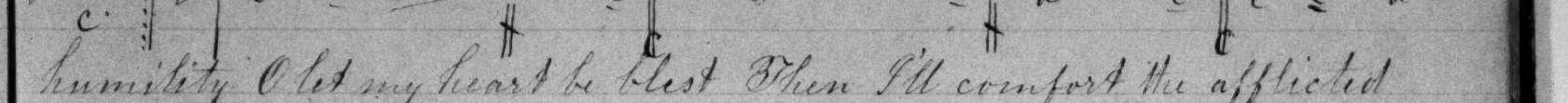
gloom O then let me be pure & all my words be chaste And in divine



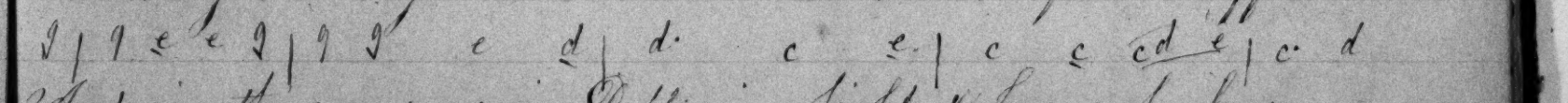
humility O let my heart be blest Then I'll comfort the afflicted



And give the mourner joy Diffusing light & heavenly love



Be my serene employ



136 Kind words are the brightest flowers of earth They make a

paradise of the humblest home Where ever you go they are of great

worth Constantly use them especially at home Constantly use them

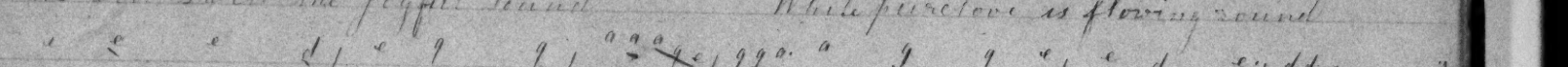
especially at home They are jewels beyond price, & make the

weighed-down spirit rejoice They are more precious to heal the

wounded heart, Than all other blessings the world can impart.

Shared.

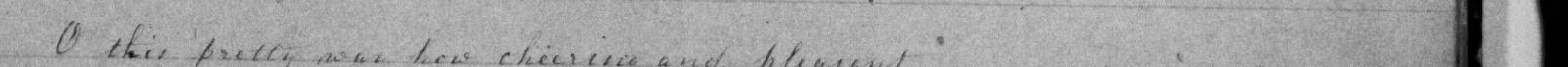
We will swell the joyful sound While pure love is flowing round



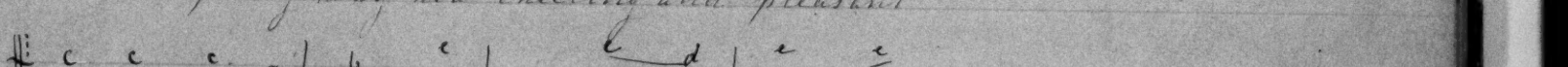
P. H. Ky

O this pretty way how cheering and pleasant

It brings peace into my soul each day I travel in it



Elder John Martin



From C. C. H's Book 1870.

138 O I want a spirit of God's holy holy power Rolling through my soul Like a mighty shower

Grovelands

Hymn Book

Is the work of God in me Requires deep humility Inward cleansing outward zeal

And mortification Shall the pride of my own heart Hinder me from gaining part

May I'll speak I'll twist I'll bend For I would be increasing

Canterbury N.H. 1854

Round Dance.

Glory praise and honor be to the Savior praise and thanksgiving be
to our blessed Mother. For they have brot us sweet sweet liberty Shout
sing praises sing Sing sing Joyfully!

Wisdom's Valley.

A Hymn. or March.

I'm blest with Mothers simple love, I'm blest with Mothers children,
And now I give you of this love, Yea love that's right from heaven
Come gather in a precious store, Yea fill your little measure
Come gather love Yea gather more for love's a precious treasure. (R. H. F. H.

140 The pleasures of this earth we see Are nothing more than misery

They pass away like vanity Or like an empty sounding

But here in zion we can find The gifts of God of every kind

So pure so lovely & divine Forever be increasing.

As Lighter as a Feather.

Come sweet love love O how refreshing, Angels from above pour down a blessing

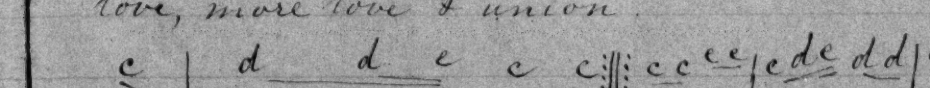
Mingling gifts & graces together, Step to the music as light as a feather.

Let G W L to see what time this song is

More life, more zeal, more life & living power More life, more

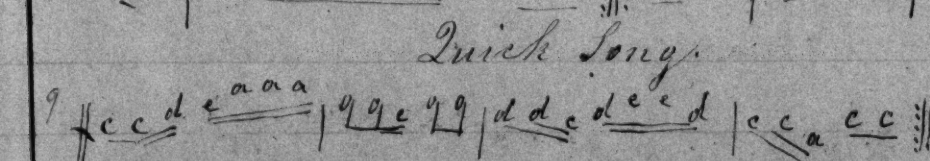
love, more love & union.

Quick Song.



Sanford introduced the above quick song here.

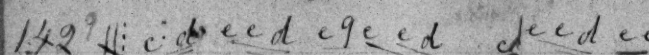
Scotch Air.



George Ingals' Quick Song.

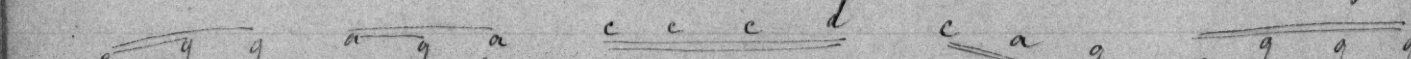
142

Quick Song.



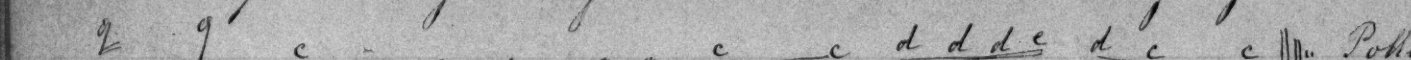
Curtis Cramer.

Full of life full of real, Full of love thats pure & clean, See the Angels moving



swift, Clothed in robes of beauty, These are they that over come, These are they

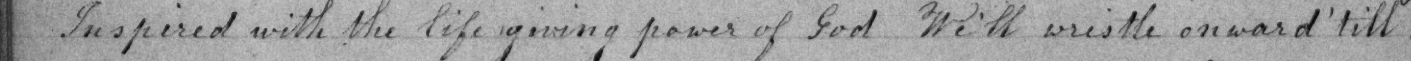
that conquer Every enemy within, And over evil daily reign.



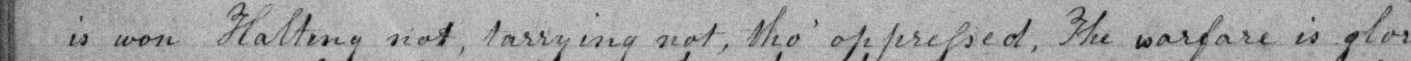
Polly Taylor
2nd Family N. Y.

Round Dance.

Inspired with the life giving power of God We'll wrestle onward 'till the victory



is won Halting not, tarrying not, tho' oppressed, The warfare is glorious

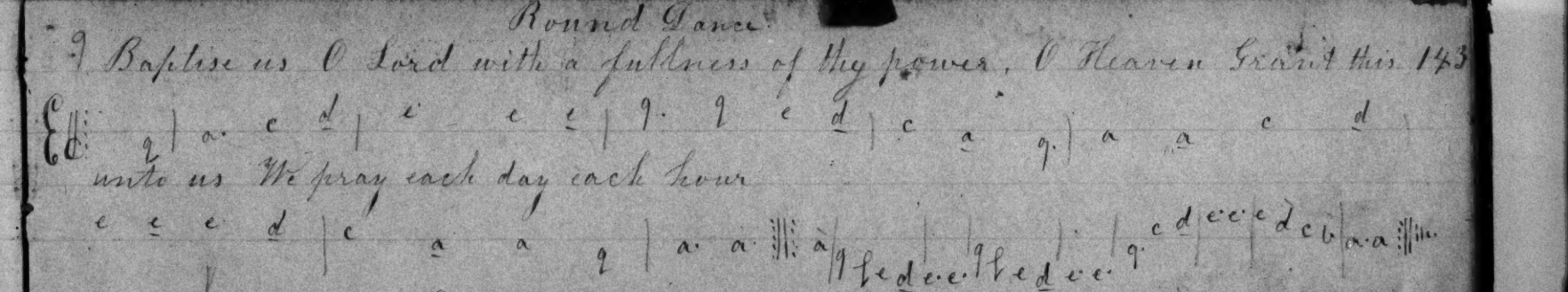


The victory is ours.

Chh. 1st Order Mt. Lebanon. 1868.

Round Dance.

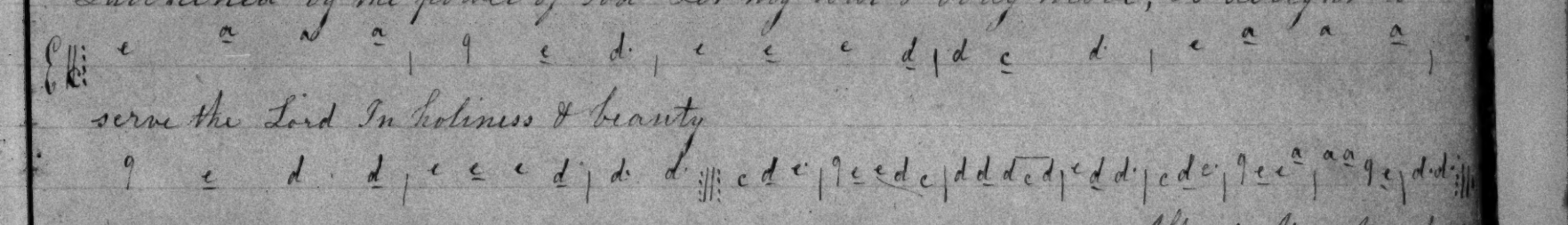
1 Baptise us O Lord with a fullness of thy power, O Heaven Grant this 143



unto us We pray each day each hour

Round Dance.

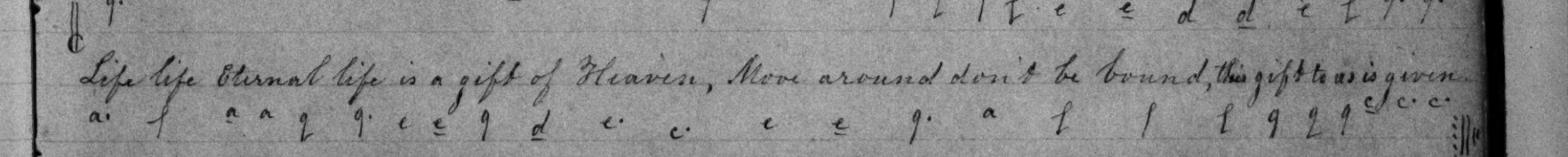
2 Quickened by the power of God Let my soul & body move, To delight to



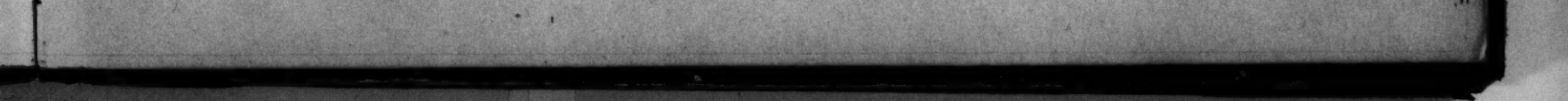
serve the Lord In holiness & beauty

Alfred Mc. March/63

3 Come love from above & set us all in motion, More zeal we want to feel, In this divine devotion,



4 Life life Eternal life is a gift of Heaven, Move around don't be bound, this gift to us is given



O I will be a living soul, And free from all thats evil, Yea I will;

I'll hate the crooked winding path, That leads unto the devil, Yea I will

I'll turn away from evil, I'll turn away from strife; I ever will be joined

Unto the tree of life, Yea I will.

†

Round Dance.

A sacrifice I do require Your souls with fervor I will inspire

Go forth in energy with life & praise For my power is spreading

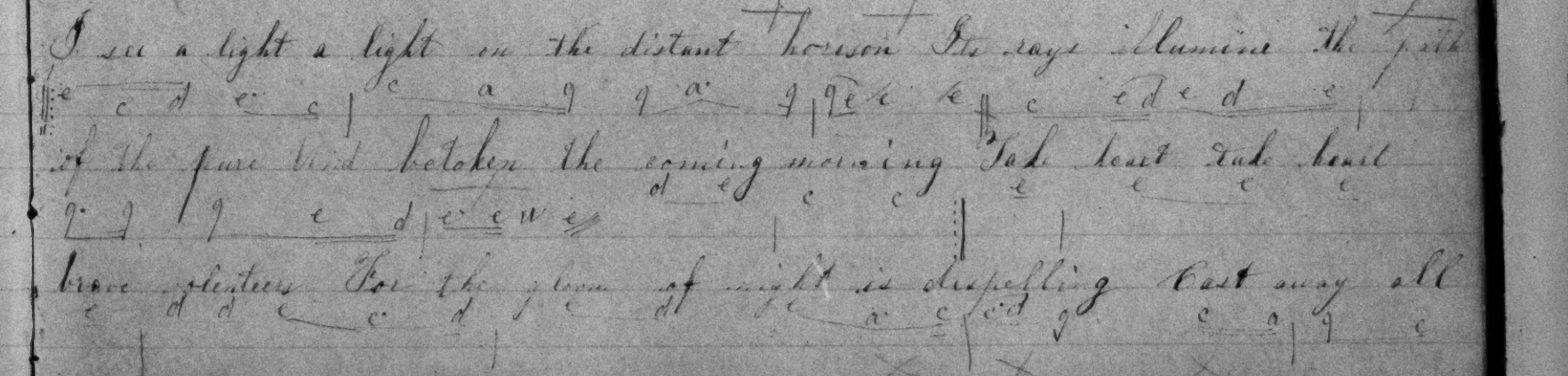
It's Heavenly Rays.

Chh. 1st Order. Mt. Lebanon.

A Reply to a New Year or Christmas song

We thank you dear friends for your notice & love, I will strengthen
And help us as onward we move, And now in return we wish you much joy,
And a good happy new year (christmas) without an alloy
Receive ye our love 'tis kind & 'tis true, It is with much pleasure we wave it on you
With an ardent desire for a constant increase Through out this year with union &
peace. Or Through the next season with union & peace. See tune on page 147.

A. S.


I see a light a light on the distant horizon Its rays illumine the pale
of the pure bird betoken the coming morning Take heart Take heart
brave pleiters For the gloom of night is dispelling Cast away all
See page 147

146 As recedes the morning dew — 98

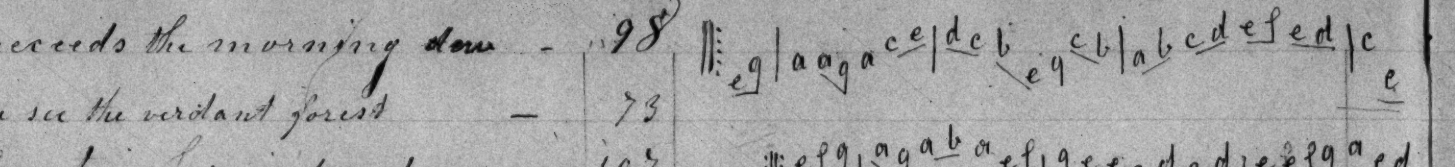
A As ye see the verdant forest — 73

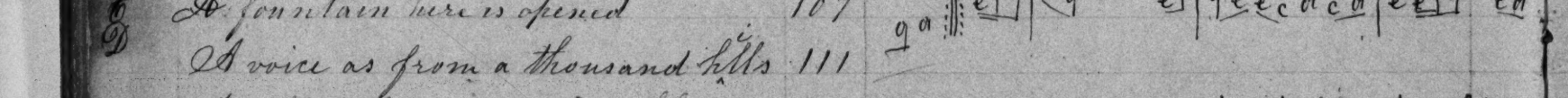
B A fountain here is opened 107

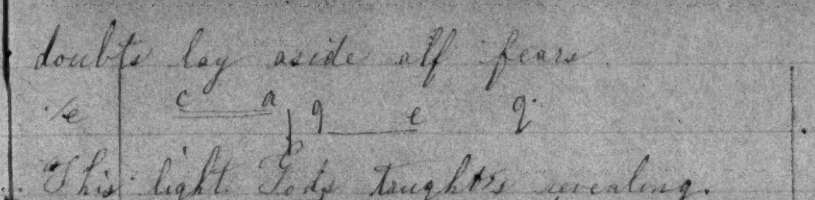
C A voice as from a thousand hills 111

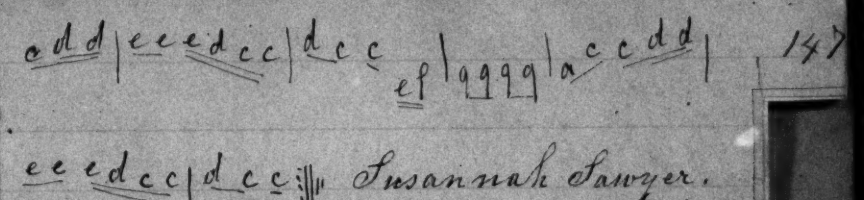
D A gift to love, a gift to bless. 76

A Sacrifice I do require 144




Blow ye the trump in Zion 20
Beyond this mortal vale — 46
Bright spirits have come from there 43
Baptise us O Lord with a fullness 143
Build me a house saith the Lord 80
Bear the cross, don't surrender 128
I'll beat my drum & I'll play my song



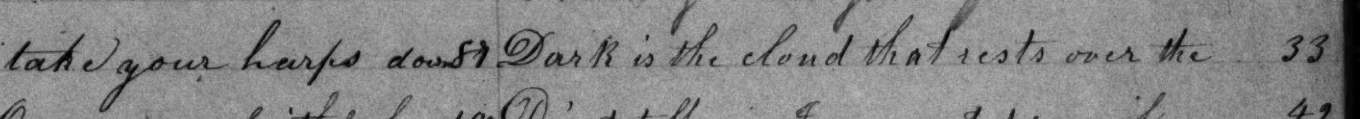


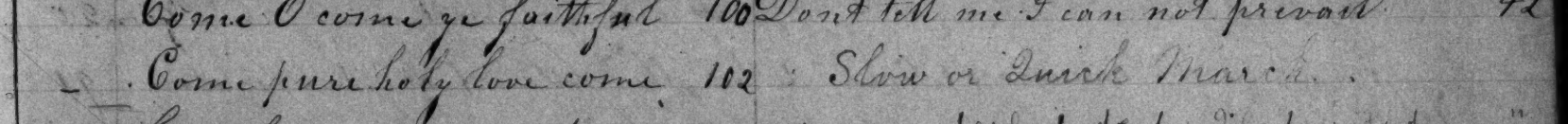
Susannah Sawyer.

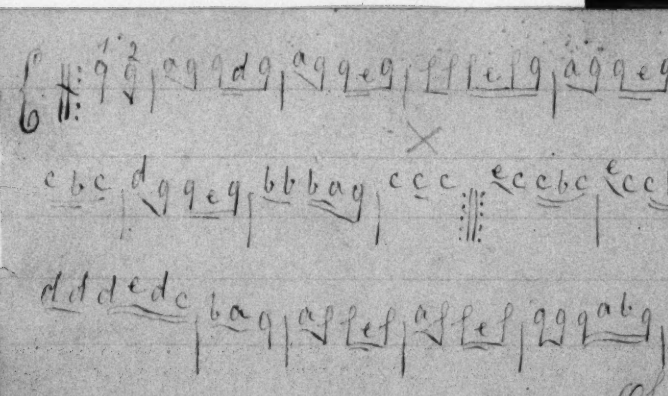
Those songs (in the index) marked with a red check cross were selected to be sung at Abigails funeral.

Come take your harps down 81
Come O come ye faithful 100
Come pure holy love come 102
Come let us turn from this vain 113
Dark is the cloud that rests over the 33
Don't tell me I can not prevail 42

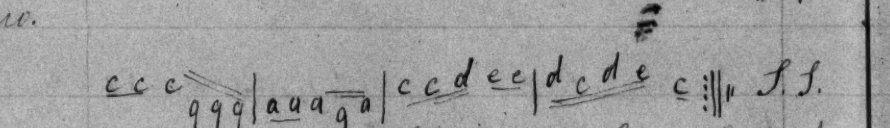
Slow or Quick Marck.





148 

Ohio.

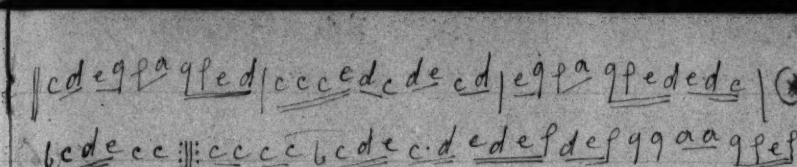


Miriam's Song. I. Hunk E.P.

For from the pleasures of time 2
From the regions of glory 12
For love & union let us run the 55
Flow down mighty power 120
Full of life full of zeal, Full of love 142
Truly ye have received, freely give 50
From a far country I've brought 60

Faint not O grow not weary, 121
Flow down from thy fountain above 126
From the dark shades of Earth 128

Gentle rills of crystal waters 91
Glory praise & honor be to the Son 139
Gently doth the Spirit call me, 63
God is dealing with his people 66



The above is a Splendid March.

How easy to bend the suppliant 22
Heavenly deeds shall descend 83
Heavenly love is freely flowing 119
Hear my word ye youth in Zion 24
Here I am surrounded with gospel 25
Heavens golden treasure 92
Here's a home for a wanderer 23
Hark O my children dear 102

How sweet is friendship's loving 58 149
Hail glorious dawn of the new 101
Here's my heart_ to God I give it cover-
Humility beautiful virtue thou 114
How we love to sing of the star (Second
Hail, hail the beautiful morn (leaf

I want to be a blessing 135
I love that God who reigns abo 1
I am glad & rejoice that truth 8
I have found a rich prize 9
I am happy I am happy 11
I am traveling to my home 14
I will bow my spirit down 18
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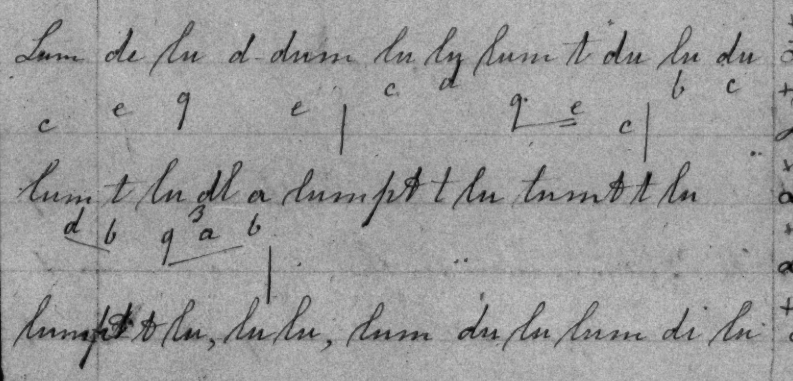

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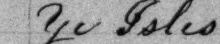
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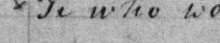
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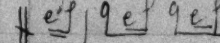
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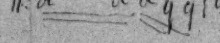
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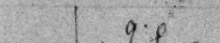
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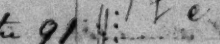
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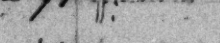
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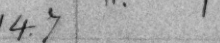
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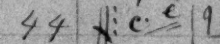
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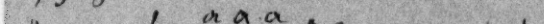
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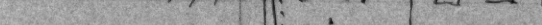
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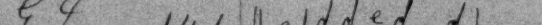
from W. J. Ohio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Why do we speak of sufferings as a lot unjust? Why do we strive

& murmur & thus remain unblest? 'Tis but the furnace heating—

the truth its way must urge And from each chosen vessel all drofs &

error purge Then let me inquire why are these trials sent Altho'

like liquid fire my heart shall not resent I've given my life in

honor & I can not recall Not when the earth shall fail me

for this is Heavens call.

Fountain of Life

The Fountain of Life I'll seek there like Jacob, I will wrestle
till I obtain a blessing that my soul doth need Ministring Angels
thy strength do bestow, O do thou bless me or I will not let thee go
for it is not worldly honor or grandeur I seek but for the living
power of God my spirit doth plead Tell me not, tell me not thou
canst not stay, For here I'll wrestle with thee until the break of day
For I am poor & needy & I can not pursue The journey before

me till my strength thou dost renew Now see the dawn is breaking

See the darkness flee away O do thou bless me before the coming day.

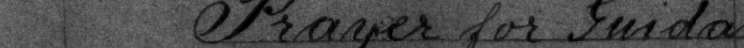
North Family Mt. Lebanon

Prayer for Guidance

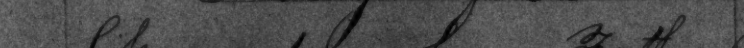
Like an open volume Father Is my heart before thy face

Thou alone canst rightly read it And alone its motives trace

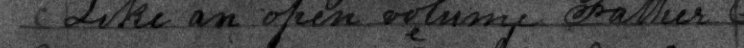
Fill it then with love's bright beamings With deep gratitude to Thee



May each thought be pure & holy That I may be more like Thee



Take my trembling hand & lead me Thro' the darkness of the night



1610

Kindly guide my feeble footsteps In the path of truth & right
May thy Love sustain me ever And Thy mercies full & free
That when clouds of sorrow lower, (pronounce 2nd lower) I may closer cling to Thee.

From Watervliet N. Y.

O we will bear on bear up Bear on tho the higher spheres
Mid darkness or thro' doubts & fears We will bear on
For the morning dawn hath shown our way Reveald the light of
endless day Whatever may betide our way We will bear on

From Watervliet O

A Beautiful March.

I am now on my journey To my bright eternal Home

Comforting Angels are my guides on my way

In reserve by the Fathers hand Joys of the better land

Are for the faithful I'll secure them for mine

Glory of Zion.

O Lord I raise my voice to thee In praise & in thanksgiving

For in thy Zion I can see Thy Holy spirit Living

over

Thy work I've pro[illegible] earching work Thy power I know

is holy O Lord I thank thee that again Mine eyes can see thy glory

Mt. Lebanon 1st Order.

We wish to express our thanks at this time For instructions so freely

are given, Our hearts doth in union & melody shine

Your pay we trust is laid up in Heaven.

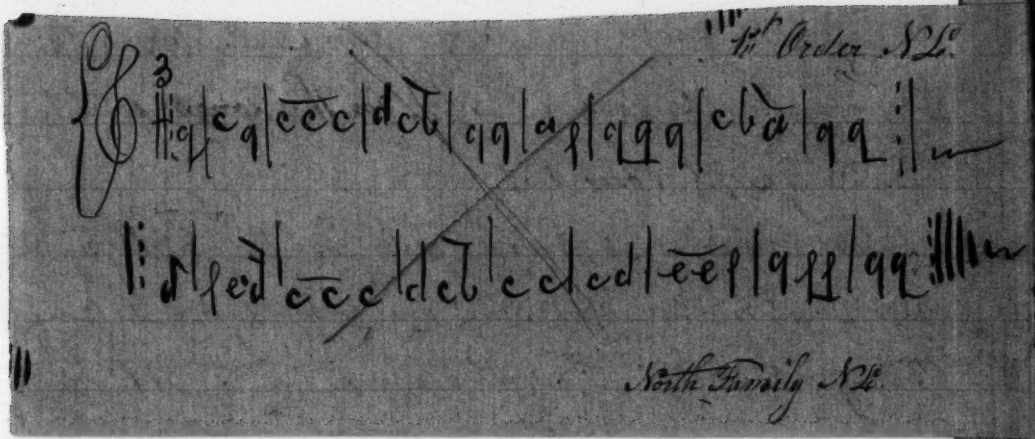
If we in union do hence forth proceed And ~~strive~~ with

zeal do improve well our calls, A blessing will rest in truth

& in deed, On the Teacher & on scholars & all.

Please accept these songs from our Elders, with their particular love & thanks, for the songs sent to them by you, & your Lot.

Receive my Love & thanks also for the pretty hymn you sent me. These songs are for you & your Lot: take your choice. Farewell again in love. B C.


Tune Order No 2.
North Family No 2.

Consecration—"Give me thy Heart."

Here's my heart—to God I give it;
Voice and tongue—to praise his name;
I have life—to Him I live it;
Hands—to Him devote the same.
I've a field—to sow and reap it—
And must reap whate'er it grows;
I've a paradise—I'll keep it,
For it blossoms as the rose.
I've a conscience—thus protected,
Worth a throne, and diadem;
I've a mansion—well selected
In the new Jerusalem.
Hence I have, in this connection,
Thus prepared—I have a home;
Such a home that my affection
Does not—will not—cannot roam.
I have feet—with God they're walking,
For with gospel peace they're shod;
Most familiarly I'm talking,
As I take my walk with God.
I have *thought*—the greatest pleasure
Which the universe can sing;
There is no material treasure
Which can such possessions bring.
I have ears—to hear the story
Men and angels love to tell;
Eyes—to see the rising glory,
Which shall Zion's triumph swell.
I have prayer—to God I make it,
While mine eye his throne surveys;
I've a golden harp, I'll wake it
To a song of endless praise.

A COUNTRY CHOIR.

THE singing of a country choir is thus described in a volume called "Homespun, or, Five-and-Twenty Years Ago."

"As I look at such matters, nothing sweeter or purer, or more delicious to a simple soul, can be conceived than the unaffected singing of a country choir. There is so little scientific fuss and professional palaver about it. And the melodies come out so full and clear—a creation each by itself, rising and falling in its cadences like the steady swell of the sea! I know few things, for myself, more true and hearty. There stands the choral row, male and female, heads erect and mouths opened wide, letting out souls and voices together; the fiddle squeaking with excitement to get the lead, and the hard-working chorister, with quick eye thrown to one side and the other, actually singing down the whole! As to the melody itself—so simple and direct, so plaintive, so stirring, filling the house as with a flood from floor to ceiling, and drifting out through the opened doors and windows into the echoing street—it is enough to move the most worldly heart that ever tried to mint itself into money. One hardly thinks he catches such seraphic strains again, though he goes all the way from New England to Rome."

Written for the Banner of Light.

MUSIC.

BY MRS. E. M. HICKOK.

Music, soft, divinely sweet,
All with harmony replete!
Music, low and sweetly thrilling,
All the soul with rapture filling!
Soothing fall thy strains below,
On the sad hearts crushed with woe.

How the spirit sinks to rest
'Neath thy tones, divinely blest,
Feeling dull despair no longer
With each heart-throb growing stronger!
Gains new powers for life's hard fight,
Striving still for truth and right.

Stirring music, rich and strong,
How it bears the soul along!
Leading upward, reaching higher
With a rapturous desire,
Grander heights in life to gain—
Triumphs over grief and pain.

Music slow, with sorrow fraught,
How it stirs each tender thought!
Mournful music, sadly stealing
O'er the soul, brings chastened feeling,
Wakens love and pity kind,
Chides and melts with grace refined.

Blessed music! everywhere
It is rich with hope and prayer!
Soft, or sad, or grandly swelling,
Or of joyous impulse telling,
Sweet its strains to mortal ear,
Ever welcome, always dear!